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Passing of Old Long Bridge

Progress calls for the destruction of the Long Bridge, the famous old bridge that spans the Potomac river at Washington and connects the District of Columbia with Virginia. This bridge was a feature of the civil war, both in action and in literature. In the north it was looked upon as the gateway to the enemy's country. In the south it was the front door to the federal capital. Most of the men who fought in the Union armies of the east went over this old bridge to the camps and battlefields of the South. Many went over never to come back. The Long Bridge with the lapse of time and the increasing weight of railroad trains and other traffic came to be regarded as unsafe. The wooden railway bridge passed out of date. The Long Bridge was condemned. The railroads using it built a modern stone and

How Cannon Won Success

Interesting Sketch of the Speaker, Now a Candidate for the Presidency.

Apropos of Speaker Joseph Cannon's eighteenth consecutive renomination for congress, the story of his climb to success, as told by him to a staff writer of the New York Tribune recently, is indeed a timely apocalypse of the "man of the hour." The article is here republished:

"My wife did her own work and we lived within our income. I have always done that. I remember I said to her one morning after breakfast: 'Mary, I went down to the office last night and counted up what—what we have accumulated. It's $25,000.' Then she came to me and laid her head upon my arm. 'Father,' she declared, 'that is enough.'"

The speaker walked jauntily to the window, neck perpendicular and shoulders as firm as a soldier's, and he laughed at his own early boast and at "Mary's" artlessness and simple satisfaction.

The writer had gone to this original man for a personal story, and found him in his room, across the corridor from the house of representatives—a narrow room, crowded with desks and buzzing with many voices. In the course of our conversation the speaker smoked one small cigar and gnawed another. He was on his feet much of the time—now balanced on his toes, the tips of his fingers on the table, or again moving about with a light and steady stride, in which there was neither rheumatism nor weakness. He is 70 years old, but he has animation and interest of sound and cheerful middle age and the nimbleness in mind and body of athletic juvenility.

"The Puritans," he said, "were a splendid people. Macaulay tells us that they had long hair and talked through their noses. However that may be, we do know they were stern evangelists, carrying their piety at the end of a club, and otherwise giving virtue a heartless and odious aspect. They drove a good many quiet folk out of the northeast colonies. An ancestor of mine, holding that every man should mind his own business and being weary of Puritanic supervision, moved to Guilford, N. C., where other hectored Quakers had gone before him. Then my father was born, and, being left an orphan while yet an infant, two maiden Quaker sisters came to the village and asked for him. They brought him up, sending him to a Quaker academy and helping him into the medical profession. He married in the church and practiced medicine at Guilford, where I was born in 1836.

"But the Quakers gave testimony against slavery, war, violence and injustice, and were not overcomfortable in North Carolina. Accordingly, each year several covered wagons, bearing men, women and children, left Guilford, bound north to Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. My family thus emigrated while I was a youngster, finding a home near the Wabash river, in the little Indiana village of Annapolis. My father was a man of resolute and courageous character—a Scotch Irishman—who handed down some qualities to me of which I make no vaunt, but which I do not attempt to conceal.

Left an Orphan.

"When I was 15 years old my father was drowned, and I had to go out in the world. I had read the 'Commentaries' of Caesar in Latin, and had made good headway at school. An older brother was in college, and we kept him there. Another brother, the youngest in the family, was short-sighted, and there was a prejudice against persons whose eyes were bad—they couldn't do a full day's work—so I went to clerk in a country store at Annapolis at $100 a year. My mother boarded me. The second year my employer kept me at his house and paid me $150. I sold everything, from a quart of tar to a skein of silk, and developed into a competent clerk. I remained in the store five years, and my wages in that time amounted to $1,000."

"What influenced you to become a lawyer?"

"While I was clerking a young girl in the village sued a man because his wife had spread evil stories about her. There was much feeling in the village over the matter — even the churches took sides for and against the girl and the woman. A lawyer of great eloquence was brought from Illinois to defend the suit, and John P. Usher, who afterward won distinction in Lincoln's administraton, appeared for the slandered girl. The trial of the case aroused in me a desire to become a lawyer—a desire that would have welcomed nakedness and hunger as a means to an end. My employer agreed to pay me $700 a year for five years, and then to make me an equal patrner with him, loaning me all the money I required at 6 per cent interest. But the law called. I had $500. I went to Terre Haute and into Usher's office.

"Later I spent six months at a law school in Cincinnati. That was the most valuable experience in my life. I had never been in a city, had never seen a theatre and did not know enough to take off my hat when I spoke to a woman. I had read Rollin's 'Ancient History,' Sir Walter Raleigh's 'Travels' and the Bible most thoroughly, and was an orthodox Quaker. I started in to see all that I could. I went to various churches. One Sunday I heard Moncure D. Conway, the Methodist preacher, who had turned to be a Unitarian. He lectured about Elias Hicks, the carpenter, farmer and itinerate Quaker preacher who split his sect in 1828 by his declaration against the divinity of Christ and the inerrancy of the Scriptures. I went back to hear Conway, and saw Horton be a power in the nation—and was impressed by his presence in that place.

First Law Practice.

"After I was admitted to the bar I went into Illinois to practice. I was very poor. In a short time I moved to Tuscola, the chief town of the second county west of Indiana. I couldn't have gone further if I had wanted to, because I was out of money. I didn't earn enough the first year to pay my board. I walked from hamlet to hamlet over the prairies trying small cases in the courts of justices of the peace. I would work a day or two and get an order for $5 on some country store, which I would give to my landlady or trade for a pair of trousers. The second year I was more sucoessful, and paid my board in full and all my debts. When I was 25 years old I was elected prosecuting attorney. My salary was $500, and I got fees amounting to $1,000 the first year. In the meantime I kept along with my own practice."

"And when were you married?"

"A young woman had come to Tuscola to visit, and before she returned to her home, in Mahoning county, Ohio, she had agreed to be my wife. I built a four-room cottage, and one Friday started for Ohio. We hurried back to Tuscola, stopping in Chicago to buy some furniture with part of the $300 I had in my pocket. We went to Potter Palmer's department store and Marshal Field was the clerk who waited on us."

"Did you continue to prosper?"

"Yes, I saved my money. I recollect I went away to try lawsuits, and was gone a month. When I returned my short-sighted brother met me at the station. He couldn't get along very well because of the prejudice of which I have spoken and I had given him a place in my office and a share of my local business. 'I know you will cuss me,' he said, 'but while you were away I went into something, and have taken you and another man with me.' He showed me a building that had been hurriedly put up, and an immense but mighty poor iron safe. 'I have started a bank,' he said. 'You have $5,000, I have that much, and so has our partner.' We got a charter from the government before long, and then moved the bank to Danville. I have been in it as shareholder and officer ever since. My near-sighted brother became a famous man of business. I was his partner until he died, several years ago. He looked after my interests, and we owned almost everything we had in common."

Values Schooling.

"If you could go back to 1872 would you come to congress and give the country almost a generation of your time for the salary you have received?"

"I have been in congress thirty years have drawn $150,000 from the government, and have spent $300,000 of my own money. I boarded in Washington until after I was elected speaker, when I took a house of my own. I never kept horses. I have lived plainly and within my income. So much for the material side of the case. It is good that a man of 70, with his experience and opinions, can't go back to youth; he would be a social monstrosity. But if I could return I should get three or four more years of schooling. I have lived my life, and my compensation lies in the humble part I have taken in the slow, steady and certain march of progress. I have seen the world grow better and brighter, and I am glad of that. I have no regrets when I look backawrd, only for my own blunders, and am filled with cheer as I look onward."

"How can a man succeed in public life?"

"Well, in the first place, he mustn't go to his grave battling for his own way all the time. Men who are too obstinate or vain to yield are the martyrs who burn at the stake and go to torture on the rack. Look at Lincoln and Douglas. Everything favored the latter. He was a famous man, the chieftain of a mighty party at the time Lincoln was a poor and obscure backwoods lawyer. But Lincoln was being prepared in the school of experience and human nature. He learned to push forward and not to hasard his chances when he couldn't get all that he wanted. Little by little, he led the way to that which he believed to be sound and necessary. If he had preached emanicpation before the north was ready for it he would have met with disaster. He kept the border states in the Union, and Ohio, Indiana and Illinois safely and peacefully under the national flag. What is a day or a year in a great movement? Take the money question, for illustration. We have come to security after a long and dreary pilgrimage, wherein we have been beset by demagogy, fiat money and free silver. But the men of wisdom always remembered to do the best thing they could at the time they were doing it. Republicans voted for the repeal of the resumption act, only to turn upon their own position and to clinch the law and to make it more enduring than ever. Thus we fought step by step. Headway is invariably made if by going back a foot you can in a day, a week, a month or a year go forward twice that distance."

ace Mann, the great educator, in the audience. I knew his history—how he battled poverty and disease and came

"ALLEGED."

On, gentle penman of the press,
Reporters, large and small,
And editors, and humorists—
Ye writers, one and all;
Be careful what you say of men,
('Tis not that they will shoot,
That manly recourse is no more),
They'll file a damage suit.

In writing comment, quip or news
About a politician,
Be very wary, lest you fail
To libel's fell commission,
And every statement that you make,
Should carefully be hedged
With that conservator of cash,
The good old word "alleged."

Thus, "'Tis alleged of Mister Blank,
(The alleged gentleman
And statesman—alleged—from Wayback),
That's he an 'also-ran.'
That his alleged majority,
In late alleged election,
Would never stand—it is alleged—
An honest, fair inspection."

By writing so you may preserve
A semblance of that freedom,
Our fathers guaranteed the press,
(Ah, these days how we need 'em!)
And guard the people's sacred rights
From grafters, small and greater,
And front the dreaded Octopus
A guardian allegator.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

STIMULATING PATRIOTISM.

Love of Country Is Taught by Making the Living In It Lovable.

How shall nations be trained in patriotism? The question always seems to become burning with Anglo-Saxons immediately after they have tasted war. Here in the United States patriotic societies have flourished since the victory of 1898 as never before. It has become an offense to remain seated when the national anthem is played, and a crime to use "Old Glory" for advertising purposes. Our schoolhouses now have each their stars and stripes. The cult of military forbears is at an undreamed-of height, and the excuse is always the fostering of patriotism. There seemed to be sufficient to go around in 1898, and there were large quantities of a much finer variety in 1861. Yet there never is enough to suit those who can measure devotion to one's country only by readiness to hasten to a battlefield.

Just now Lord Roberts, Rudyard Kipling and the London Spectator, a formidable trio, are wrestling in England with the momentous question. The first mourns because all Englishmen are not made to imbibe patriotism while serving for two years as military conscripts. The Spectator is "anxious to see every boy trained to arms," but it has doubts if this is sufficient to make a patriot of him. Patriotism, it explains, "demands above all things seriousness, and its one enemy is frivolity." To our minds, the thing to do then is to banish, expel and forbid frivolity and its twin, levity. No such easy way out for the Spectator. It says:

"How is patriotism to be taught? The first step is to recognize it as one of the chief ends of education. No new curriculum, no special subjects, are required. It is the spirit in which the teaching is given that matters. History will cease to be a dry catalogue of dates and persons if the child is once inspired with the magnificence of the past, and is made to feel himself a sharer in the heritage. So, too, with literature. English literature is the finest manual of patriotism in the world, and many a boy who is insensible to literary beauty is not insensible to the practical lessons at the heart of it. It is the same with the special sciences, with geography, with economics, which acquire a direct practical interest when brought iinto connection with the state of which all are members."

But would even this counsel of scholastic perfection produce the end the Spectator desires? In Russia, of late years, all its conditions might have been fulfilled and yet the conventional type of patriotism would still be sadly to seek. His share in the glories of Catharine and Peter have surely kept no Russian student from treason to the czar and to the present organization of the empire. They made no Russian mujik a whit more ready to die in Manchuria at the hands of a little known enemy, for a still less understood cause. So long as the Russian flag stands for what it does, there will be under it precious little of that type of patriotism which seems dearest to the Colonial wars and other ancestral societies. All possible teaching of the past, all playing of national anthems, and all appeals to present an unbroken front to the enemy could make no liberty-loving Russian less "disloyal" than he is today. On the other hand, the thousands of German and French and Irish-Americans who fought for the north during our civil war prove that the highest type of battlefield patriots may be found among people with only superficial education in the history and language of a recently adopted country.

The truth is, in our opinion, that love of country cannot be taught. Mere readiness to go to war is a survival of savagery, not patriotism, and should be discouraged rather than encouraged; it will always lie with other animal passions too near the surface. Give men justice, freedom and equal treatment before the laws and you increase a hundredfold their natural love for their land and kin. To stimulate this by hothouse methods is to make patriotism artificial and false; to stifle the noble kind of love of country now exemplified in Russia—the readiness to overthrow duly constituted authorities who betray their trust. The way to stimulate patriotism is not by waving flags, bestowing tariff favors, nor yet by granting public moneys to a few individuals who want aid in their shipbuilding or shipowning enterprises. It is by making the conditions of life easy and free and fair. Unless this is done the country may lose, as did Germany in 1849, some of its best men, whose devotion to their ideals of liberty forbade them to remain.—New York Evening Post.

RARE COINS UNEARTHED

Two Pieces of Money Uncovered by Flood in Scrubgrass.

A recent washout played a remarkable trick on the old James Anderson farm, Scrubgrass township, near Franklin, Pa. A small tributary of Scrubgrass creek which runs through this farm got on a jamboree and tore things up along its course. Among other pranks, it swept away seven acres of growing corn belonging to Ed Anderson. The latter, while walking over the farm, west of the house, a day or two ago, saw two bright objects on the sandy surface. They proved to be coins. One of them was a threecent silver piece, of which the United States coined some ten years or more prior to the civil war. This specimen is unworn and perfectly preserved. On its obverse side is the design familiar to oldtimers, the three III's, encircled by the large "C." Underneath is the date, 1852.

But far stranger and more interesting would be the story of the silver piece of money, if it could be given. It is a Spanish coin, of silver, a little larger and thinner than a 25-cent piece, and bearing date 1719. Although so old, it is a perfectly preserved specimen of hand mintage, all the letters and lines being sharp and clear. On one side is the inscription. "Philippus V., D. G.," inclosing a shield surmounted by a crown; on the other side the words, "Hispaniarum Rex. 1719," those letters circling the royal arms, on which are lions rampant and two castles. The coin gives the story of its origin—that it was minted in 1719, in the reign of "Philip V., King of the Spaniards, by the Grace of God." Not a very correct story, by the way, for Philip, who was a grandson of Louis XIV of France, was King of Spain by the grace of Charles II of Spain, who appointed him such in his will. Philip didn't get firmly seated on that throne until after France and England had filed objections and mixed things up with Spain and Austria in a long war, which included such lively settos as the battle of Blenheim.

But all this is digressing. The present question is, where has that coin been, who has handled it, during the 187 years of its existence? And, most puzzling question of all, in what way, through whom, did it find its way to this western hemisphere, to be picked up at last by Ed Anderson, nearly 200 years after its date, on the divide between the waters of Little and Big Scrubgrass creeks?—Indianapolis News.

SEA SERPENT DESCRIBED

He Lives Along Tonquin Coast and Now Has a Moustache.

Dr. Raphael Blanchard, professor of the medical faculty of the University of Paris and member of the Academie de Medicine, has been going into the question of the sea serpent and now finds himself in a position not only to describe the monster but to give a portrait of him. He has a head and body like a seal but with an immensely long tail and a very long and flexible neck. He is also ornamented with a fine moustache, and he is believed to have a mane, though this does not appear to be quite certain.

Dr. Blanchard holds that the existence of the great serpent is beyond all doubt. He has been seen several times in the bay of Aloing. In 1904 he was seen by Lieutenant Lagresille, of the French navy, commanding the Avalanche, and again by Lieutenant l'Eost, commanding the gunboat Decidee.

The latter officer's account is remarkable for the precision of its details. The length of the serpent which he saw was at least twenty metres; it had a large dorsal fin and a head like a seal's, but much shorter. Its skin was so tough that shells burst on its surface apparently without more effect than tickling the dome of St. Paul's would have on the Dean and Chapter. Dr. Blanchard notes that it is on the coast of Tonquin that the serpent seems chiefly to show itself, and calls on the Chocin China government to organize an expedition to capture the monster.

It is a curious fact that in a village on the coast of the Bay of Aloing a stuffed serpent is kept by the natives, who have built a temple for it and pay it divine honors.—British Medical Journal.

And a Ridiculous One.

"I confess," said Cholly, "I pwefer deah old England. I should like to be a subject of the King."

"Vain longing," retorted Miss Pepprey. "Of course, you could never be anything but an object."—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "The Main Chance," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.

When I came down after dressing for dinner, Bates called my attention to a belated mail. I pounced eargerly upon a letter in Laurance Donovan's well-known hand, bearing, to my surprise, an American stamp and postmarked New Orleans. It was dated, however, at Vera Cruz, Mexico, December 15th, 1901.

"Dear Old Man: I have had a merry time since I saw you in New York. Couldn't get away for a European port as I hoped when I left you, as the authorities seemed to be taking my case seriously, and I was lucky to get off as a deck-hand on a southbound boat. I expected to get a slice of English prodigal veal at Christmas, but as things stand now, I am grateful to be loose even in this God-forsaken hole. The British bulldog is eager to insert its teeth in my trousers, and I was flattered to see my picture bulletined in a conspicuous place the day I struck Vera Cruz. You see, they're badgering the government at home because I'm not apprehended, and they've got to catch and hang me to show that they've really got their hands on the Irish situation. I am not afraid of the Greasers—no people who gorge themselves with bananas and red peppers can be dangerous—but the British consul here has a bad eye and even as I write I am dimly conscious that a sleek person, who is ostensibly engaged in literary work at the next table, is really killing time while he waits for me to finish this screed.

"No doubt you are peacefully settled on your ancestral estate with only a few months and a little patience between you and your grandfather's siller. You always were a lucky brute. People die just to leave you money, whereas I'll have to die to get out of jail.

"I hope to land under the Stars and Stripes within a few days, either across country through El Paso or via New Orleans—preferably the former, as a man's social position is rated high in Texas in proportion to the amount of reward that's out for him. They'd probably give me the freedom of the state if they knew my crimes had been the subject of debate in the house of commons.

"But the man across the table is casually looking over here for a glimpse of my signature, so I must give him a good one just for fun. With best wishes always,

"Faithfully yours,
"GEORGE WASHINGTON SMITH.

"P. S.—I shan't mail this here, but give it to a red-haired Irishman on a steamer that sails north tonight. Pleasant, I must say, this eternal dodging! Wish I could share your rural paradise for the length of a pipe and a bottle! Have forgotten whether you said Indian Territory or Indiana, but will take chances on the latter as more remotely suggesting the aborigines."

Bates gave me my coffee in the library, as I wished to settle down to an evening of reflection without delay. Larry's report of himself was not reassuring. I knew that if he had any idea of trying to reach me he would not mention it in a letter which might fall into the hands of the authorities, and the hope that he might join me grew. I was not, perhaps, entitled to a companion at Glenarm under the terms of my exile, but as a matter of protection in the existing condition of affairs there could be no legal or moral reason why I should not defend myself against my foes, and Larry was an ally worth having.

In all my hours of questioning and anxiety at Glenarm I never doubted the amiable intentions of my grandfather. His device for compelling my residence at his absurd house was in keeping with his character, and it was all equitable enough. But his dead hand had no control over the strange issue, and I felt justified in interpreting the will in the light of my experiences. I certainly did not intend to appeal to the local police authorities, at least not until the animus of the attack on me was determined.

My neighbor, the chaplain, had inadvertently given me a bit of important news; and my mind kept reverting to the fact that Morgan was reporting his injury to the executor of my grandfather's estate in New York. Everything else that had happened was tame and unimportant compared with this. Why had John Marshall Glenarm made Arthur Pickering the executor of his estate? He knew that I detested him, that Pickering's noble aims and high ambitions had been praised by my family until his very name sickened me; and yet my own grandfather had thought it wise to intrust his fortune and my future to the man of all men who was most repugnant to me. I rose and paced the floor in anger.

Instead of accepting Pickering's word for it that the will was all straight, I should have employed counsel and taken legal advice before suffering myself to be rushed away into a part of the world I had never visited before, and cooped up in a dreary house under the eye of a somber scoundrel who might poison me any day, if he did not prefer to shoot me in my sleep. My rage must fasten upon some one, and Bates was the nearest target for it. I went to the kitchen, where he usually spent his evenings, to vent my feelings upon him, only to find him gone. I climbed to his room and found it empty. Very likely he was off condoling with his friend and fellow conspirator, the caretaker, and I fumed with rage and disappointment. I was thoroughly tired, as tired as on days when I had beaten my way through tropical jungles without food or water; but I wished, in my impotent anger against I knew not what agencies, to punish myself, to induce an utter weariness that would drag me exhausted to bed.

The snow in the highway was well beaten down and I swung off countryward past St. Agatha's. A gray mist hung over the fields in whirling clouds, breaking away occasionally and showing the throbbing winter stars. The walk, and my interest in the alternation of star-lighted and mist-wrapped landscape won me to a better state of mind, and after tramping a couple of miles, I set out for home. Several times on my tramp I had caught myself whistling the air of a majestic old hymn, and smiled, remembering my young friend Olivia, and her playing in the chapel. She was an amusing child; the thought of her further lifted my spirit; and I turned into the school park as I passed the outer gate with a half-recognized wish to pass near the barracks where she spent her days.

At the school gate the lamps of a carriage suddenly blurred in the mist. Carriages were not common in his region, and I was not surprised to find that this was the familiar village hack that met trains day and night at Glenarm station. Some parent, I conjectured, paying a visit to St. Agatha's; perhaps the father of Miss Olivia Gladys Armstrong had come to carry her home for a stricter discipline than Sister Theresa's school afforded.

The driver sat asleep on his box, and I passed him and went on into the grounds. A whim seized me to visit the crypt of the chapel and examine the opening to the tunnel. As I passed the little group of school buildings a man came hurriedly from one of them and turned toward the chapel.

I first thought it was Stoddard, but I could not make him out in the mist and I waited for him to put twenty paces between us before I followed along the path that led from the school to the chapel.

He strode into the chapel porch with an air of assurance, and I heard him address someone who had been waiting. The mist was now so heavy that I could not see my hand before my face, and I stole forward until I could hear the voices of the two men distinctly.

"Bates!"

"Yes, sir."

I heard feet scraping on the stone floor of the porch.

"This is a devil of a place to talk in but it's the best we can do. Did the young man know I sent for you?"

"No, sir. He was quite busy with his books and papers."

"Humph! We can never be sure of him."

"I suppose that is correct, sir."

"Well, you and Morgan are a fine pair, I must say! I thought he had some sense, and that you'd see to it that he didn't make a mess of this thing. He's in bed now with a hole in his arm and you've got to go on alone."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Pickering."

"Don't call me by name, you idiot. We're not advertising our business from the housetops."

"Certainly not," replied Bates humbly.

The blood was roaring through my head, and my hands were clenched as I stood there listening to this colloquy.

Pickering's voice was—and is—unmistakable. There was always a purring softness in it. He used to remind me at school of a sleek, complacent cat, and I hate cats with particular loathing.

"Is Morgan lying or not when he says he shot himself accidentally?" demanded Pickering petulantly.

"I only know what I heard from the gardener here at the school. You'll understand, I hope, that I can't be seen going to Morgan's house."

"Of course not. But he says you haven't played fair with him, that you even attacked him a few days after Glenarm came."

"Yes, and he hit me over the head with a club. It was his indiscretion, sir. He wanted to go through the library in broad daylight, and it wasn't any use, anyhow. There's nothing there."

"But I don't like the looks of this shooting. Morgan's sick and out of his head. But a fellow like Morgan isn't likely to shoot himself accidentally, and now that it's done the work's stopped and the time is running on. What do you think Glenarm suspects?"

"I can't tell, sir, but mighty little, I should say. The shot through the window the first night he was here seemed to shake him a trifle, but he's quite settled down now, I should say, sir."

"He probably doesn't spend much time on this side of the fence—doesn't haunt the chapel, I fancy?"

"Lord, no, sir! I hardly suspect the young gentleman of being a praying man."

"You haven't seen him prowling about analyzing the architecture—"

"Not a bit of it, sir. He hasn't, I should say, what his revered grandfather called the analytical mind."

Hearing yourself discussed in this frank fashion by your own servant is, I suppose, a wholesome thing for the spirit. The man who stands behind your chair may acquire, in time, some special knowledge of your mental processes by a diligent study of the back of your head. But I was not half so angry with these conspirators as with myself, for ever having entertained a single generous thought toward Bates. It was, however, consoling to know that Morgan was lying to Pickering, and that my own exploits in the house were unknown to the executor.

Pickering stamped his feet upon the paved porch floor in a way that I remembered of old. It marked a conclusion, and preluded serious statements.

"Now Bates," he said, with a ring of authority and speaking in a louder key than he had yet used, "it's your duty under all the circumstances to help discover the hidden assets of the estate. We've got to pluck the mystery from that architectural monster over there, and the time for doing it is short enough. Mr. Glenarm was a rich man. To my knowledge he had a couple of millions, and he couldn't have spent it all on that house. He reduced his bank account to a few thousand dollars and swept out his safety vault boxes with a broom before his last trip into Vermont. He didn't die with the stuff in his clothes, did he?"

"Lord bless me, no, sir! There was little enough cash to bury him, with you out of the country and me alone with him."

"He was a crank and I suppose he got a lot of satisfaction out of concealing his money. But this hunt for it isn't funny. I supposed, of course, we'd dig it up before Glenarm got here or I shouldn't have been in such a hurry to send for him. But it's over there somewhere, or in the grounds. There must be a plan of the house that would help. I'll give a thousand dollars the day you wire me you have found any sort of clue."

"Thank you, sir."

"I don't want thanks, I want the money or securities or whatever it is. I've got to go back to my car now, and you'd better skip home. You needn't tell your young master that I've been here."

I was trying hard to believe, as I stood there with clenched hands outside the chapel porch, that Arthur Pickering's name was written in the list of directors of one of the greatest trust companies in America, and that he belonged to the most exclusive clubs in New York. I had run out for a walk with only an inverness over my dinner jacket, and I was thoroughly chilled by the cold mist. I was experiencing, too, an inner cold as reflected upon the greed and perfidy of man.

"Keep an eye on Morgan," said Pickering.

"Certainly, sir."

"And be careful what you write or wire."

"I'll mind those points, sir. But I'd suggest, if you please, sir—"

"Well?" demanded Pickering, impatiently.

"That you should call at the house. It would look rather strange to the young gentleman if you'd come here and not see him."

"I haven't the slightest errand with him. And besides, I haven't time. If he learns that I've been here you may say that my business was with Sister Theresa and that I regretted very much not having an opportunity to call on him."

The irony of this was not lost on Bates, who chuckled softly. He came out into the open and turned away toward the Glenarm gate. Pickering passed me, so near that I might have put out my hand and touched him, and in a moment I heard the carriage drive off rapidly toward the village.

I heard Bates running home over the snow and listened to the clatter of the village hack as it bore Pickering back to Annandale.

Then out of the depths of the chapel porch—out of the depths of time and space, it seemed, so dazed I stood—someone came swiftly toward me, someone, light of foot like a woman, ran down the walk a little way into the fog and paused.

An exclamation broke from me.

"Eavesdropping for two?"—it was the voice of Olivia. "I'd take pretty good care of myself if I were you, Squire Glenarm. Good night!"

"Good-by!" I faltered, as she sped away into the mist toward the school.

CHAPTER XIV.

My first thought was to find the crypt door and return through the tunnel before Bates reached the house. The chapel was open, and by lighting matches I found my way to the map and panel. I slipped through and closed the opening; then ran through the passage with gratitude for the generous builder who had given it a clean floor and an ample roof. In my haste I miscalculated its length and pitched into the steps under the trap at a speed that sent me sprawling. In a moment more I had jammed the trap into place and was running up the cellar steps, breathless, with my cap smashed down over my eyes.

I heard Bates at the rear of the house and knew I had won the race by a scratch. There was but a moment in which to throw my coat and cap under the divan, slap the dust from my clothes and seat myself at the great table, where the candles blazed tranquilly.

Bates' step was as steady as ever—there was not the slightest hint of excitement in it—as he came and stood within the door.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Glenarm, did you wish anything, sir?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Bates."

"I had stepped down to the village, sir, to speak to the grocer. The eggs he sent this morning were not quite up to the mark. I have warned him not to send any of the storage article to this house."

"That's right, Bates." I folded my arms to hide my hands, which were black from contact with the passage, and faced my man servant. My respect for his rascally powers had increased immensely since he gave me my coffee. A contest with so clever a rogue was worth while.

"I'm grateful for your good care of me, Bates. I had expected to perish of discomfort out here, but you are treating me like a lord."

"Thank you, Mr. Glenarm. I do what I can, sir."

He brought fresh candles for the table candelabra, going about with his accustomed noiseless step. I felt a cold chill creep down my spine as he passed behind me on these errands. His transition from the role of conspirator to that of my flawless servant was almost too abrupt.

I dismissed him as quickly as possible, and listened to his step through the halls as went about locking the doors. This was a regular incident, but I was aware tonight that he exercised what seemed to me a particular care in settling the bolts. The locking-up process had rather bored me before; tonight the snapping of bolts was particularly trying.

When I heard Bates climbing to his own apartments I quietly went the rounds on my own account and found everything as tight as a drum.

In the cellar I took occasion to roll some barrels of cement into the end of the corridor, to cover and block the trap door. Bates had no manner of business in that part of the house, as the heating apparatus was under the kitchen and accessible by an independent stairway. I had no immediate use for the hidden passage to the chapel—and I did not intend that my enemies should avail themselves of it. Morgan, at least, knew of it and, while he was not likely to trouble me at once, I had resolved to guard every point in our pleasant game.

I was tired enough to sleep when I went to my room, and after an eventless night, woke to a clear day and keener air.

"I'm going to take a little run into the village, Bates," I remarked at breakfast.

"Very good, sir. The weather's quite cleared."

"If anyone should call I'll be back in an hour or so."

"Yes, sir."

He turned his impenetrable face toward me as I rose. There was, of course, no chance whatever that anyone would call to see me; the Reverend Paul Stoddard was the only human being, except Bates, Morgan and the man who brought up my baggage, who had crossed the threshold since my arrival.

I really had an errand in the village. I wished to visit the hardware store and buy some cartridges, but Pickering's presence in the community was a disturbing factor in my mind. I wished to get sight of him—to meet him, if possible, and see how a man, whose schemes were so deep, looked in the light of day.

As I left the grounds and gained the highway Stoddard fell in with me.

"Well, Mr. Glenarm, I'm glad to see you abroad so early. With that library of yours the temptation must be strong to stay within doors. But a man's got to subject himself to the sun and wind. Even a good walking now and then is salutary."

"I try to get out every day," I answered. "But I've chiefly limited myself to the grounds."

"Well, it's a fine estate. The lake is altogether charming in summer. I quite envy you your fortune."

He walked with a long swinging stride, his hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets. It was difficult to accept the idea of so much physical strength being wasted in the mere business of saying prayers in a girl's school. Here was a fellow who should have been captain of a ship or a soldier, a leader of forlorn hopes. I felt sure there must be a weakness of some sort in him. Quite possibly it would prove to be a mild estheticism that delighted in the savor of incense and the mournful cadence of choral vespers. He declined a cigar and this rather increased my suspicions.

The village hack, filled with young women, passed at a gallop, bound for the station, and we took off our hats.

"Christmas holidays," explained the chaplain. "Practically all the students go home."

"Lucky kids, to have a Christmas to go home to!"

"I suppose Mr. Pickering got away last night?" he observed, and my pulse quickened at the name.

"I haven't seen him yet," I answered guardedly.

"Then of course, he hasn't gone!" said these words, uttered in the big clergyman's deep tones, seemed wholly plausible. There was, to be sure, nothing so unlikely as that Arthur Pickering, executor of my grandfather's estate, would come to Glenarm without seeing me.

"Sister Theresa told me this morning he was here. He called on her and Miss Devereux last night. I haven't seen him myself. I thought possibly I might run into him in the village. His car's very likely on the station switch."

"No doubt we shall find him there," I answered easily.

The Annandale station presented an appearance of unusual gaiety when we reached the main street of the village. There, to be sure, lay a private car on the siding, and on the platform was a group of twenty or more girls, with several of the brown-habited Sisters of St. Agatha. There was something a little foreign in the picture; the girls in their bright colors talking gaily, the Sisters in their somber garb hovering about, suggesting France and Italy rather than Indiana.

"I came here with the idea that St. Agatha's was a charity school," I remarked to the chaplain.

"Not a bit of it! Sister Theresa is really a swell, you know, and her school is hard to get into."

"I'm glad you warned me in time. I

The Custer Massacre Story

How the First News of the Little Big Horn Tragedy Was Published.

Deputy Postmaster A. J. Fisk, of Helena, for years a veteran newspaper man, having, with his brothers, published Montana's first daily newspaper—the Helena Herald—was in a reminiscent mood the other evening, and related the story of how the first news of the Custer massacre was given the world through the medium of a press association. Said he:

A little more than 30 years ago Custer and his brave troopers laid down their lives on the hills surrounding the Little Big Horn, in eastern Montana. I have noticed that every year erroneous reports gain circulation as to how the news of the massacre, so-called, was first given to the world. Being pretty well known in the state as a newspaper man of the earlier period, my word will doubtless be taken, but if any one questions my assertion I have the proof in the files of the Herald.

As was the custom in the early days the Herald did not publish a paper on the Fourth of July, and editors and printers were supposed to put in the whole day in celebrating. At that time, in 1876, I was the Associated Press agent for Helena, a position which I filled for a period of 30 years, or up to two years ago. About noon on the Fourth of July, 1876, I came down town to see if there was any news of importance to wire to the association. I was sitting in the business office, when in the door walked Horace Countryman, dusty, dirty, with haggard eyes and looks, and having the appearance of one who was about "all in." I sprang to the counter, grasped him by the hand, exclaiming:

"Countryman, what in God's name is the matter?"

"Jack," he replied, "Custer and all with him are dead—were massacred on the Little Big Horn by the Sioux. Muggins Taylor, the scout, brought the news to Stillwater. He being exhausted, I volunteered to bring the news to Bozeman. Arriving at Bozeman I found the government wire down, so I got a fresh horse and came on to Helena."

The news seemed incredible, and I inquired if he could give me the particulars. He said he could. I told him to come in and sit down and wait for a moment until I could send out and try to locate some printers in order that we might get out an extra.

Our foreman, the late William McCatchey, was located, but it was perhaps an hour before we had a force distributing type and getting ready for the extra. Then Countryman gave me particulars of the dreadful affair, as conveyed to him by Muggins Taylor. He spoke rapidly, fluently, and it was a difficult matter to keep within firing distance, as in those days the typewriter and stenographer were unknown in this section. To this day I remember one of his sentences:

"Curley, the Indian scout and the only person who escaped to bring the news, said the firing was very rapid; it sounded like the snapping of the threads in the tearing of a blanket."

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Herald extra was on the streets of Helena. It was the first news of the awful event to be given to the public. The excitement was so great and our force so limited that I did not find time to send the news out of the city until after the extra was out. Then I grabbed a copy of the extra and made fast time to the Western Union telegraph office. There was only one wire, but Manager-Operator Fredericks laid all else aside and gave the massacre story precedence, with the result that on the morning of July 5 all the newspapers of the country contained the news of the massacre.

There was little rest for me the night of July 4. Every 15 minutes or so there would be a ring at my doorbell announcing a telegram from some paper demanding further details of the awful affair. I remember one New York paper having authorized me to send scouts to secure additional news. I informed the papers that our complete story had been given the Press association and that further details would come from Bismarck when the scouts reached that city, which they did on the following day, and it was through these couriers that on July 6 the government at Washington received its official dispatches.

These detailed facts, I believe, have never before been published. I disclaim any desire for notoriety in the premises, but in history Helena and Montana scouts and frontiersmen should have the credit for furnishing to the world the first news of Custer's fate, and not the couriers who reached Bismarck on July 5. In my long experience as a reporter and newspaper man this was my greatest "scoop."—Helena Correspondent in New York Tribune.

WHY ADJECTIVES?

One cannot sit for many minutes a silent listener to a conversation between two or more women without being struck with the evident popularity of the third of that trio of senseless habits—which feminity seems by general consent to have monopolized—the adjective habit.

It is not enough to say that the weather is fair or the day a beautiful one; she of the adjective habit describes it as simply perfectly lovely weather, or a gorgeously charming day. In like manner a disagreeable day, in the vocabulary of the adjective fiend, because an abnominably, horridly, nasty one. She is not interested in a book; she is simply, raving crazy over it. A dish that pleases the palate is described as elegant or delightfully delicious. And so on, the slave to the adjective habit punctuates her sentences with nonsensical assertions which, though intended to strengthen, in reality so weaken them that they become senseless jargon, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

It certainly is high time that women emancipates herself from these and other silly habits that hang like millstones around her neck. Until she does she can never hope to be other than the weaker vessel.

had thought of sending over a sack of flour occasionally, or a few bolts of calico to help on the good work. You've saved my life."

"I probably have. I might mention your good intentions to Sister Theresa."

"Pray don't. If there's any danger of meeting her on that platform—"

"No; she isn't coming down, I'm sure. But you ought to know her—if you will pardon me. And Miss Devereux is charming—but really I don't mean to be annoying."

"Not in the least. But under the circumstances—the will and my probationary year—you can understand—"

"Certainly. A man's affairs are his own, Mr. Glenarm."

We stepped upon the platform. The private car was on the opposite side of the station and had been switched into a siding of the east and west road. Pickering was certainly getting on. The private car, even more than the yacht, is the symbol of plutocracy, and gaping rustics were evidently impressed by its grandeur. As I lounged across the platform with Stoddard, Pickering came out into the vestibule of car, followed by two ladies and an elderly gentleman. They all descended and began a promenade of the plank walk.

Pickering saw me an instant later and came up hurriedly, with outstretched hand.

"This is indeed good fortune! We dropped off here last night rather unexpectedly to rest a hotbox and should have been picked up by the midnight express for Chicago; but there was a miscarriage of orders somewhere, and we now have to wait for the nine o'clock, and it's late. If I'd known how much behind it was I should have run out to see you. How are things going?"

"As smooth as a whistle! It really isn't so bad when you face it. And the fact is, I'm actually at work."

"That's splendid. The year will go fast enough, never fear. I suppose you pine for a little human society now and then. A man can never strike the right medium in such things. In New York we are all rushed to death. I sometimes feel that I'd like a little rustication myself. I get nervous, and working for corporations is wearing. The old gentleman there is Taylor, president of the Interstate and Western. The ladies are his wife and a friend of hers. I'd like to introduce you." He ran his eyes over my corduroys and leggings amiably. He had not in years addressed me so pleasantly.

Stoddard had left me to go to the other end of the platform to speak to some of the students. I followed Pickering rather loathly to where the companions of his travels were pacing to and fro in the crisp morning air.

I laugh still whenever I remember that morning at Annandale station. As soon as Pickering had got me well under way in conversation with Taylor, he excused himself hurriedly and went off, as I assumed, to be sure the station agent had received orders for attaching the private car to the Chicago express. Taylor proved to be a supercilious person—I believe they call him Chilly Billy at the Metropolitan club—and our efforts to converse were pathetically unfruitful. He asked me the value of land in my county, and as my ignorance on this subject was vast and illimitable, I could see that he was forming a low opinion of my character and intelligence. The two ladies stood by, making no concealment of their impatience. Their eyes were upon the girls from St. Agatha's on the other platform, whom they could see beyond me. I had jumped the conversation from Indiana farmlands to the recent disorders in Bulgaria, which interested me more, when Mrs. Taylor spoke abruptly to her sister.

"That's she—the one in the gray coat, talking to the clergyman. She came a moment ago in the carriage."

"The one with the umbrella? I thought you said—"

Mrs. Taylor glanced at her sister warningly, and they both looked at me. Then they sought to detach themselves and moved away. There was some one on the farther side of the platform whom they wished to see, and Taylor, not understanding their maneuver—he was really anxious, I think, not to be left alone with me—started down the platform after them, I following. Mrs. Taylor and her sister walked to the end of the platform and looked across, a biscuit-toss away, to where Stoddard stood talking to the girl I had already heard described as wearing a gray coat and carrying an umbrella.

The girl in gray crossed the track quickly and addressed the two women cordially. Taylor's back was to her and he was growing eloquent in a mild well-bred way over the dullness of our statesmen in not seeing the advantages that would accrue to the United States in fostering our shipping industry. His wife, her sister and the girl in gray were so near that I could hear plainly what they were saying. They were referring apparently to the girl's refusal of an invitation to accompany them to California.

"So you can't go—it's too bad! We had hoped that when you really saw us on the way you would relent," said Mrs. Taylor.

"But there are many reasons; and above all Sister Theresa needs me."

It was the voice of Olivia, a little lower, a little more restrained than I had known it.

"But think of the rose gardens that are waiting for us out there!" said the other lady. They were showing her the deference that elderly women always have for pretty girls.

"Alas, and again alas!" exclaimed Olivia. "Please don't make it harder for me than necessary. But I gave my promise a year ago to spend these holidays in Cincinnati."

She ignored me wholly, and after shaking hands with the ladies returned to the other platform. I wondered whether she was overlooking Taylor on purpose to cut me.

Taylor was still at his lecture on the needs of our American merchant marine when Pickering passed hurriedly, crossed the track and began speaking earnestly to the girl in gray.

"The American flag should command the seas. What we need is not more battleships but more freight carriers—" Taylor was saying.

But I was watching Olivia Gladys Armstrong. In a long skirt, with her hair caught up under a gray toque that matched her coat perfectly, she was not my Olivia of the tam-o'-shanter, who had pursued the rabbit; nor yet the unsophisticated schoolgirl, who had suffered my idiotic babble; nor, again, the dreamy rapt organist of the chapel. She was a grown woman with at least 20 summers to her credit, and there was about her an air of knowing the world, and of not being at all a person one would make foolish speeches to. She spoke to Pickering gravely. One she smiled dolefully and shook her head, and I vaguely strove to remember where I had seen that look in her eyes before. Her gold beads, which I had once carried in my pocket, were clasped tight about the close collar of her dress; and I was glad, very glad, that I had ever touched anything that belonged to her.

"As the years go by we are going to dominate trade more and more. Our manufactures already lead the world, and what we make we've got to sell, haven't we?" demanded Taylor.

"Certainly sir," I answered warmly.

Who was Olivia Gladys Armstrong and what was Arthur Pickering's business with her? And what was it she had said to me that evening when I had found her playing on the chapel organ? So much happened that day that I had almost forgotten, and, indeed, I had tried to forget I had made a fool of myself for the edification of an amusing little schoolgirl. "I see you prefer to ignore the first time I ever saw you," she had said; but if I had thought of it at all it had been with righteous self-contempt. Or, I may have flattered my vanity with the reflection that she had eyed me—her hero, perhaps—with wistful admiration across the wall.

Meanwhile the Chicago express roared into Annandale and the private car was attached. Taylor watched the trainmen with the cool interest of a man for whom the proceeding had no novelty, while he continued to dilate upon the nation's commercial opportunities. I turned perforce, and walked with him back toward the station, where Mrs. Taylor and her sister were talking to the conductor.

Pickering came running across the platform with several telegrams in his hand. The express had picked up the car and was ready to continue its westward journey.

"I'm awfully sorry, Glenarm, that our stop's so short"—and Pickering's face wore a worried look as he addressed me, his eyes on the conductor.

"How far do you go?" I asked.

"California. We have interests out there and I have to attend some stockholders' meetings in Colorado in January."

"Ah, you business men! You business men!" I said reproachfully. I wished to call him a blackguard then and there, and it was on my tongue to do so, but I concluded that to wait until he had shown his hand fully was the better game.

The ladies entered the car and I shook hands with Taylor, who threatened to send me his pamphlet on The Needs of American Shipping, when he got back to New York.

"It's too bad she wouldn't go with us. Poor girl! this must be a dreary hole for her; she deserves wider horizons," he said to Pickering, who helped him upon the platform of the car with what seemed to be unnecessary precipitation.

"You little know us," I declared, for Pickering's benefit. "Life at Annandale is nothing if not exciting. The people here are indifferent marksmen or there'd be murders galore."

"Mr. Glenarm is a good deal of a wag," explained Pickering dryly, swinging himself aboard as the train started.

"Yes; it's my humor that keeps me alive," I responded, and taking off my hat, I saluted Arthur Pickering with my broadest salaam.

CHAPTER XV.

The southbound train had not arrived and as I turned away the station agent again changed its time on the bulletin board. It was now due in ten minutes. A few students had boarded the Chicago train, but a greater number still waited on the farther platform. The girl in gray was surrounded by half a dozen students, all talking animatedly. As I walked toward them I could not justify my stupidity in mistaking a grown woman for a schoolgirl of 15 or 16; but it was the tam-o'-shanter, the short skirt, the youthful joy in the outdoor world that had disguised her as effectually as Rosalind to the eyes of Orlando in the forest of Arden. She was probably a teacher—quite likely the teacher of music, I argued, who had amused herself at my expense.

It had seemed the easiest thing in the world to approach her with an apology or a farewell, but those few inches added to her skirt and that pretty gray toque substituted for the tam-o'-shanter set up a barrier that did not yield at all as I drew nearer. At the last moment, as I crossed the track and stepped upon the other platform, it occurred to me that while I might have some claim upon the attentions of Olivia Gladys Armstrong, a wayward schoolgirl of athletic tastes, I had none whatever upon a person whom it was proper to address as Miss Armstrong—who was, I felt sure, quite capable of snubbing me if snubbing fell in with her mood.

She glanced toward me and bowed instantly. Her young companions withdrew to a conservative distance; and I will say this for the St. Agatha girls: their manners are beyond criticism, and an affable discretion is one of their most admirable traits.

"I didn't know they ever grew up so fast—in a day and a night!"

I was glad I remembered the number of beads in her chain; the item seemed at once to become important.

"It's the air, I suppose. It's praised by excellent critics, as you may learn from the catalogue."

"But you are going to an ampler ether, a diviner air. You have attained the beatific state and at once take flight. If they confer perfection like an academic degree at St. Agatha's, then—"

I had never felt so stupidly helpless in my life. There were a thousand things I wished to say to her; there were countless questions I wished to ask her; but her calmness and poise were disconcerting. She had not, apparently, the slightest curiosity about me; and there was no reason why she should have—I knew that well enough! Her eyes met mine easily; their azure depths puzzled me. She was almost, but not quite, some one I had seen before, and it was not my woodland Olivia. Her eyes, the soft curve of her cheek, the light in her hair—but the memory of another time, another place, another girl, lured only to baffle me.

She laughed—a little murmuring laugh.

"I'll never tell if you won't," she said.

"But I don't see how that helps me with you."

"It certainly does not! That is a much more serious matter, Mr. Glenarm."

"And the worst of it is that I haven't a single thing to say for myself. It wasn't the not knowing that was so utterly stupid—"

"Certainly not! It was talking that ridiculous twaddle. It was trying to flirt with a silly school girl. What will do for fifteen is somewhat vacuous for—"

She paused abruptly, colored and laughed.

"I am twenty-seven!"

"And I am just the usual age," she said.

"Ages don't count, but time is important. There are many things I wish you'd tell me—you who hold the key of the gate of mystery."

"Then you'll have to pick the lock!"

She laughed lightly. The somber Sisters patrolling the platform with their charges heeded us little.

"I had no idea you knew Arthur Pickering—when you were just Olivia in the tam-o'-shanter."

"Maybe you think he wouldn't have cared for my acquaintance—as Olivia in the tam-o'-shanter. Men are very queer!"

"But Arthur Pickering is an old friend of mine."

"So he told me."

"We were neighbors in our youth."

"I believe I have heard him mention it."

"And we did our prep school together, and then parted!"

"You tell exactly the same story, so it must be true. He went to college and you went to Tech."

"And you knew him—?" I began, my curiosity thoroughly aroused.

"Not at college any more than I knew you at Tech."

"The train's coming," I said earnestly, "and I wish you would tell me—when I shall see you again!"

"Before we part forever." There was a mischievous hint of the Olivia in short skirts in her tone.

"Please don't suggest it! Our times have been strange and few. There was that first night, when you called to me from the lake."

"How impertinent! How dare you—remember that?"

"And there was that other encounter at the chapel porch. Neither you nor I had the slightest business there. I admit my own culpability."

She colored again.

"But you spoke as though you understood what you must have heard there. It is important for me to know. I have a right to know just what you meant by that warning."

Real distress showed in her face for an instant. The agent and his helpers rushed the last baggage down the platform, and the rails hummed their warning of the approaching train.

"I was eavesdropping on my own account," she said hurriedly and with a note of finality. "I was there by intention, and"—there was another hint of the tam-o'-shanter in the mirth that seemed to bubble for a moment in her throat—"it's too bad you didn't see me, for I had on my prettiest gown, and the fog wasn't good for it. But you know as much of what was said there as I do. You are a man, and I have heard that you have had some experience in taking care of yourself, Mr. Glenarm."

"To be sure; but there are times—"

"Yes, there are times when the odds seem rather heavy. I have noticed that myself."

She smiled, but for an instant the sad look came into her eyes—a look that vaguely but insistently suggested another time and place.

"I want you to come back," I said boldly, for the train was very near, and I felt that the eyes of the sisters were upon us. "You cannot go away where I shall not find you!"

I did not know who this girl was, her home, or her relation to the school, but I knew that her life and mine had touched strangely; that her eyes were blue, and that her voice had called to me twice through the dark, in mockery once and in warning another time, and that the sense of having known her before, of having looked into her eyes, haunted me. The youth in her was so luring; she was at once so frank and so guarded—breeding and the taste and training of an ampler world than that of Annandale were so evidenced in the witchery of her voice, in the grace and ease that marked her every motion, in the soft gray tone of hat, dress and gloves, that a new mood, a new hope and faith sang in my pulses. There, on that platform, I felt again the sweet heartaches I had known as a boy, when spring first warmed the Vermont hillsides and the mountains sent the last snows singing in joy of their release down through the brookbeds and into the wakened heart of youth.

She met my eyes steadily.

"If I thought there was the slightest chance of my ever seeing you again I shouldn't be talking to you here. But I thought, I thought it would be good fun to see how you really talked to a grown-up. So I am risking the displeasure of these good Sisters just to test your conversational powers, Mr. Glenarm. You see how perfectly frank I am."

"But you forget that I can follow you; I don't intend to sit down in this hole and dream about you. You can't go anywhere but I shall follow and find you."

"That is finely spoken, Squire Glenarm! But I imagine you are hardly likely to go far from Glenarm very soon. It isn't, of course, any of my affair; and yet I don't hesitate to say that I feel perfectly safe from pursuit!"—and she laughed her little low laugh that was delicious in its mockery.

I felt the blood mounting to my cheek. She knew, then, that I was virtually a prisoner at Glenarm, and for once in my life, at least, I was ashamed of my folly that had caused my grandfather to hold and check me from the grave, as he had never been able to control me in his life. The whole countryside knew why I was at Glenarm, and that did not matter; but my heart rebelled at the thought that this girl knew and mocked me with her knowledge.

"I shall see you Christmas Eve," I said, "wherever you may be."

"In three days? Then you will come to my Christmas Eve party. I shall be delighted to see you—and flattered! Just think of throwing away a fortune to satisfy one's curiosity! I'm surprised at you, but gratified, on the whole, Mr. Glenarm!"

"I shall give more than a fortune, I shall give the honor I have pledged to my grandfather's memory to hear your voice again."

"That is a great deal—for so small a voice; but money, fortune! A man will risk his honor readily enough, but his fortune is a more serious matter. I'm sorry we shall not meet again. It would be pleasant to discuss the subject further. It interests me particularly."

"In three days I shall see you," I said. She was instantly grave.

"No! Please do not try. It would be a great mistake. And, anyhow, you can hardly come to my party without being invited."

"That matter is closed. Wherever you are on Christmas Eve I shall find you," I said, and felt my heart leap, knowing that I meant what I said.

"Good-by," she said, turning away. "I'm sorry I shan't ever chase rabbits at Glenarm any more."

"Or paddle a canoe, or play wonderful celestial music on the organ."

"Or be an eavesdropper or hear pleasant words from the master of Glenarm—"

"But I don't know where you are going—you haven't told me anything—you are slipping out into the world—"

She did not hear or would not answer. She turned away, and was at once surrounded by a laughing throng that crowded about the train. Two brown-robed sisters stood like sentinels, one at either side, as she stepped into the car. I was conscious of a feeling that from the depths of their hoods they regarded me with un-Christian disdain. Through the windows I could see the students fluttering to seats, and the girl in gray seemed to be marshaling them. The gray hat appeared at a window for an instant, and a smiling face gladdened, I am sure, the guardians of the peace at St. Agatha's, for whom it was intended.

The last trunk crashed into the baggage car, every window framed for a moment a girl's face, and the train was gone.

(To be Continued.)

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Drive an old and bony horse, and people will talk about you.

Why is it that a married woman is never comfortable on her husband's lap?

A man who has a falling out with more than two of his neighbors ought to look himself over.

Another reason for saving your money: Look at any poor relation who is living "with" better off kin.

WEIRD BURIAL OF BROTHER OF ZULU CHIEF

FROM THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

The dead man had been murdered and, according to the Illustrated London News, an official examination of the murdered man was rendered almost impossible by the influence of witch doctors, who were suspected of having caused the crime. It is their custom to cut out the nape of the neck from a dead body. Out of this they melt the fat with which they anoint any person whom they wish to commit outrage. The person so anointed is believed to be entirely in the witch doctor's power. When at length the funeral was allowed to start, it proceeded down a rough road leading from the chief's hut, the men marching on one side, the women on the other. In the background are the doctor and two Natal mounted police officers. The body was carried in blankets by eight "chiefs," the two front men carrying twigs as a sign of peace. The chief's mother came behind the bearers, and behind the mother was a woman carrying the sticks and spear of the dead man. Mourners wrapped entirely in blankets followed. Two of these carried the dead man's war assegais. Many of the mourners were draped in their white blankets and walked with covered heads.

Part of Valparaiso Which Was Unharmed

The Foreign Residential Section, Abtao Street on Concepcion Hill

Witchcraft in New York

Thousands of people in New York city who do not believe in ghosts, witches, spooks and superstitions may be surprised to know that there are many thousands of others who do.

Director Smith, of Central park, called attention to one large body of the superstitious a few weeks ago when he protested in their behalf against the sale of the two donkeys in the zoo. He declared that if at least one of the donkeys was not kept on hand mothers of babies with whooping cough or threatened with that complaint would be after him tooth and nail. And why? Simply because if baby has whooping cough mother or nurse sneaks off with him to Central park and passes his wee body three times under and over the donkey's body in a circle. And, of course—the whooping cough disappears. It may take some time for the cure to be effected—but that is not the donkey's fault.

On the East Side, and particularly among the foreign quarters, there are whole colonies which believe firmly in witchcraft. They have been reared in that belief and have a surprising knowledge about evil eyes and other things akin to the supernatural.

One woman, for instance, has slept under the bed instead of on it for over ten years; in fact, ever since she was told that some night a witch would come and cast a spell over her in her sleep. So she sleeps under her bed on the floor every night so that the witch can not find her.

Mme. Ventaur, a Bohemian lady, has been working among this class of people for some time past in an effort to drive these foolish notions out of their heads. In her work she has encountered a great many strange cases.

Men and women go to her imploring her to remove the spell cast on them by the "evil eye." In some instances many months' work is necessary before these people can be convinced that there is no such power in existence.

For instance, the first case to come in hand was that of a woman whose ankles were covered with an angry eruption. This was a case of three years' standing and was attributed wholly to the casting of a spell on her by a rival who had professed affection for her husband.

No amount of arguing or reasoning could bring this woman to see that such a state of affairs was unreasonable and impossible.

"You have been to a doctor?" questioned Mme. Ventaur.

"No! no!" almost gasped the woman turning pale. "If I go to a doctor I shall die, a doctor could do nothing. No, no, I should die."

"But how do you know you would die?"

"Because my sister, she had a sickness caused by a witch. She went to a doctor and she died."

"Sometimes even doctors can not help us," said Mme. Ventaur, "but there is no such thing as a witch. Why do you come to me?"

"I was told that you could make people well who have had the evil eye cast on them. You are one of us and you can remove the spell."

Such a case is generally hopeless as far as argument is concerned and then Mme. Ventaur, without the consent of the patient, must have the doctor prescribe.

The patient, however, does not know that she is being treated by a doctor, but believes that Mme. Ventaur is only dictating the recipe for a "charm" that will make her proof against witchcraft.

This deception is necessary; without it the people could not be made to take medicine. They even believe the castile soap that is always added to the slip is a necessary part of the "charm."

Such is the simplicity of the minds of hundreds of people in the city and some of the conditions of body and of home caused by an adherence to superstition are appalling. A common belief among them is connected with the hair.

A person holding a grudge against another will apply to some person who has the reputation of being possessed with power to work great evil. This person will make known to the persecuted one that he has a message from the evil one and that if he washes or combs his hair during a certain term of years, or sometimes during the entire life, he will instantly drop dead.

Preposterous as it may seem there are people who hold implicit belief in such a spell. One woman who went to Mme. Ventaur to have this spell removed had not touched a comb or water to her hair in over seven years.

Two months of constant work were necessary to bring about a change in the woman's mind. First came a long series of reasoning talks. Then the tactful Mme. Ventaur gave her a small bottle of water to rub on the hair at the roots. When the poor woman had done this and found that she did not instantly expire she tried it again. At last, after two months' constant work, she consented to have the hair cut and the great, tangled mass was removed. Immediately after the hair was cut the woman's head was plunged into a basin of water. She saw then that she did not die and today she combs her hair and washes it regularly.

Standing apart from this class, which believes firmly in witchcraft, are thousands of others, mostly mothers and nurses, who have implicit faith in superstitions. — Chicago Chronicle.

MY DREAMS.

I dream that friendship still blooms in this world; that there are more poets than cynics; that men and women heroically die; that there is grand, self-sacrificing love, and courage, truth and honor. I dream that evil in the end is vanquished by good; that wrong punishes itself; that malice is consumed by its own poisonous fire, and that selfishness is selfishness' hell. I dream that there are some bright sparks of worth in every human breast, and that there is ceaseless redemption for all; that angels hover about this earth with invisible touches of sympathy, inspiration, warmth and gentleness in the midst of our soul's fiercest battles. I dream that there is gratitude in nature as in beast and man; that the watered plant smiles its acknowledgement; that animals appreciate kind treatment, and thank in ways of trust and playful ease; that ingratitude in man is often madness which needs our pity rather than contempt, and sometimes awkward ignorance, that is not quick to recognize a favor, and does not know how to receive a boon. I dream that man sins more from suggestion than depravity and from wild yearning for affection and for rest; that crime is not rarely the exhaustion of struggle; that there are more sick than bad, more misunderstood than designing, and more unhappy than unkind. I dream that there are hours in every life which generously pay for his sojourn here, and that therefore no life is valueless. I dream that all my dreams are real, and that I die only when I cannot dream.—Bert Finck in Bob Taylor's Magazine.

Oil Cure for Cancer.

No need of the knife or burning plaster, no need of pain or disfigurement, the Combination Oil Cure for cancers is soothing and balmy, safe and sure. Write for free book to the Home Office, Dr. L. T. Leach, Drawer 368 F, Indianapolis, Ind.

COLOR BLINDNESS.

Poet Whittier Bought Flaming Red Necktie for One of Olive Tint.

It is well known that the poet Whittier was color blind and unable to distinguish red from green. He once bought himself a necktie which he supposed to be of a modest and suitable olive tint and wore it—once. He never wore it again, for his friends soon made him aware that it offended against the traditional quietness of costume enjoined alike by the habits of the Friends and by his own taste. The tie was of flaming scarlet.

On another occasion when he found a little girl in distress on account of a new gown made over from her elder sister's, which was not becoming to her coloring and complexion, he tried to console her.

"I wouldn't mind what a rude boy says about it, Mary," he said, kindly. Thee looks very well indeed, in it—like an oread, Mary, dressed all in green."

Unfortunately Mary was not dressed in green. She was red-haired and her dress was red; that was the trouble.

Once on a day in March, when out walking with a Friend and deeply engaged in conversation, Mr. Whittier approached too near for safety to a place where blasting was going on. The danger signal was shown, but neither Friend noticed it until a workman, violently waving his arms and shouting, leaped before them and warned them back.

"I didn't see the flag at all," said Mr. Whittier's companion.

"I saw it," rejoined the poet, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I thought it was in honor of St. Patrick—thee knows my defect. I can't tell Erin from explosions, except by the harp!"

Reflections of a Bachelor.

When a woman isn't afraid of being rained on it's a sign it's her own complexion.

Any man can get a reputation for knowing more than he does if he will keep his mouth shut.

A nice thing about having your family away for the summer is no matter how late you come home in the morning you don't have to take your shoes off to go upstairs.—New York Press.

GOOD AND HARD

Results of Excessive Coffee Drinking.

It is remarkable what suffering some persons put up with just to satisfy an appetite for something.

A Mich. woman says: "I had been using coffee since I was old enough to have a cup of my own at the table, and from it I have suffered agony hundreds of times in the years past.

"My trouble first began in the form of bilious colic, coming on every few weeks and almost ending my life. At every attack for 8 years I suffered in this way. I used to pray for death to relieve me from my suffering. I had also attacks of sick headache, and began to suffer from catarrh of the stomach, and of course awful dyspepsia.

"For about a year I lived on crackers and water. Believing that coffee was the cause of all this suffering, I finally quit it and began to use Postum Food Coffee. It agreed with my stomach, my troubles have left me and I am fast gaining my health under its use.

"No wonder I condemn coffee and tea. No one could be in a much more critical condition than I was from the use of coffee. Some doctors pronounced it cancer, others ulceration, but none gave me any relief. But since I stopped coffee and began Postum I am getting well so fast I can heartily recommend it for all who suffer as I did." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason."

Farmstead

Questions for Answers.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible:

Can any of my fellow readers of The Blade give me a cure for lung-worms in sheep and goats—one that has been tried and found successful? Also means of prevention.—N., Hillsboro, Ore.

Have a hen that is very poor, comb is white, her food doesn't digest, but she always seems very hungry. I would like to know what is the matter and have a remedy.—N.

I have a horse whose body breaks out in small pimples during hot weather. Will some reader of Farmstead kindly give a remedy for eczema in a horse?—S., Inland, O.

I would like to have the opinion of farmers who have had some experience in regard to washouts and deep crevices that are caused by the fall and spring rains, on our southern Michigan farms. Some of the places seem irreparable. Is there any way to prevent this condition?—V., Schoolcraft, Mich.

Would be pleased to have some one give me a method for washing, curing, etc., of Yellow Globe Danver onion seed. Is there danger of the seed heating after washing?—P., Mentor, O.

I would like to have a recipe for making vinegar with one part rainwater. I only wish to make a small quantity.—S., Monroe, S. Dak.

I have a mare that has lost the use of lips, which are swollen. She seems to be in good health otherwise; has been in this condition for a month. Will some Farmstead reader tell me the cause and give a remedy? The mare is 12 years old.—A., Hacker Valley, W. Va.

Cucumber Pickles.

B., Carlye, Ill.: For cucumber pickles, first prepare a brine of one teaspoonful of salt to an ordinary pailful of water; heat to the boiling point and pour over the cucumbers, which should first be wiped with a cloth. For nine mornings this operation is to be repeated, the brine to be made fresh three times. Put weak vinegar on three times before putting on the final vinegar. Then prepare the vinegar with two quarts of brown sugar, one-half pint of mustard seed, four tablespoonfuls of celery seed, piece of alum the size of an egg; heat boiling hot and pour over the cucumbers; cover closely. They will be ready for use in three days. These make the finest pickles I have ever tasted. —C., Shohomish, Wash.

Dry Farming.

In practice, irrigation has been of value in developing the arid and semi-arid sections of the country. But it has been worth most as an advertisement of land that has come to be referred to rather too sweepingly as undesirable. Where one acre has been watered, a hundred acres continue to bake under the sun from one rainy season to another, far above the level of any possible ditch. Great upland plateaus in Colorado, Utah and Idaho can never be watered by ditches from storage reservoirs or from living streams. Deep wells and pumping are resorted to with some success here, but when all is done, the most optimistic westerner is forced to admit that much of the country he likes to refer to as "God's country" is, after all, a thirsty land where no water is.

While the "irrigation sharps" have gone ahead with really extraordinary energy, considering the difficulty of the engineering problems involved, the other sharps have not been idle. State and federal forestry has been talked in season and out. Today, the voice of the "dry-farming" expert is making itself heard. He recites the old, depressing statistics: There are 600,000,000 acres of public domain left to settlement. Of this, 70,000,000 acres are quite sterile—rocks and alkali and mountain peaks—95,000,000 acres are sparsely wooded; not quite such a large area is well wooded and valuable; 70,000,000 acres may be brought to a high state of productiveness by irrigation; and there remain 300,000,000 acres, half of the total area, fit only for grazing. Of course, to this immense area of public land must be added as much more in the hands of private owners. To change the form of the statistical chart, the philosopher of the dry country points out that for 1,200 miles north and south, and 1,300 miles east and west, and embracing four-tenths of the whole territory of the United States, the need for some sort of moisture-producer is felt by the land. Speaking broadly, farming in this region is a speculation, and the ordinary farmer fares no better there than the ordinary speculator does in Wall street.

H. W. Campbell, of Lincoln, Neb., who has been preaching dry farming for some years to the plateau dwellers of the west, has developed his "system" to a point where it may be referred to as a valuable supplement to the reclamation service. As described by many observers, and summarized in the Century Magazine for this month, Mr. Campbell's idea "consists simply in the exercise of intelligence, care, patience and tireless industry." Its exponent is not an alchemist, and has none of the airs of a magician. He has made no such spectacular experiments as have called attention to Luther Burbank's wonderful work in plant breeding in California. What he says, in effect, is that rain is not needed in the growing season, if hard work and intelligence are applied to conserving the moisture deposited in the soil during the wet months. We do not predict any general immediate success for the Campbell system, however, for the average farmer is as fond of his ease as the average trust magnate. He will always prefer irrigation to deep plowing and frequent cultivation. To him the magazine advertisement, "Let the Little Wonder do your wife's washing while she improves her mind," makes a strong appeal. So, too, does the promise of the irrigation promoters. When, however, the wheat raiser is forced to go to the uplands, the Campbell creed will be remembered, and may be resorted to for agricultural salvation.

The dry farmer begins his preparation for next year's crop as soon as this year's crop is off the land. He sends his plows into the field as the harvester leaves it. A 7-inch furrow is turned, then the plowed soil is immediately packed firm by a subsoil harrow or series of cutting disks. From this time until planting begins every rain that falls calls for fresh stirring of the soil by an ordinary harrow. The winter season is not a season for rest and recreation; it is, rather, the real harvest season, when moisture enough is stored in the earth to force the crop to maturity after it is planted.

All that Mr. Campbell has been able to say in favor of his wearying method is that verily the laborer shall have his reward—the experiment has been continued long enough to show that the yield can be increased by this incessant labor from three to five fold. Where the year's rainfall averages 12 inches—irrespective of the months in which it is deposited—practically all crops can be raised by the dry-farming method. A 10-inch rainfall will produce many special crops, like dwarf Milo maize, Turkestan alfalfa, Kaffir corn, beardless barley and durum or macaroni wheat.

Mr. Campbell's excellent pioneer work, the enthusiastic labors of the forestry experts employed by the national bureau and by various states and the continuous experimenting in the government desert laboratories with a view to finding out how the unchanging grim humor of the dry country may be turned to the settler's profit—all these serve to emphasize one point, the wasteful spirit of the west. The forestry commissioner of Minnesota begs for funds to acquire for the state 4,000,000 acres of rocky and sandy land, fit for planting with pine trees. He demonstrates that only 20 per cent of cut-over pine land reforests itself with pine if left untouched. Thus far, however, the west has been content to gather its quick profit from an immediate use of 80 per cent of the country's resources and leave the problem of using the remaining 20 per cent to the next comers. These husbandmen are now plodding into the dry country in the wake of the spoilers, and to them Mr. Campbell, Mr. Pinchot, Mr. Burbank and the Arizona experimenters are coming to be as significant figures as Mr. Newell and the experts of the irrigation service.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Avoiding Hog Cholera.

An Illinois stockman tells the following story anent his experience in raising hogs amid menacing conditions: "I believe implicitly in the proposition that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Our neighbors' hogs were dying of cholera and of course it was only a question of time, we thought, when the disease would attack and decimate our herd. But we took a stitch in time and saved the entire herd. We gave the hogs calomel. It acts as a physic, thoroughly purging the bowels, and this is of the most vital importance. Place ten grains of calomel in a piece of "crackling" about the size of a walnut and see that each animal gets his dose. One dose is sufficient in most cases, but no harm will be done if another be given a few days later."

It is self-evident that if proper measures be resorted to prior to the introduction of the disease into the herd it may be avoided. When once it has attacked the hogs there is little or no hope of suppressing it. Hog cholera may successfully be combatted, however, by buttressing, as it were, the herd so that the germs may not find congenial lodging places.—Farmers' Voice.

New Use for Watermelons.

A Georgia farmer is said to have become the pioneer in a new industry—namely, making sirup out of watermelons. He cuts the melons in halves, scoops out the pulp, runs it through a cider mill, presses out the juice and then boils the liquid for twelve hours over a hot fire. Out of 270 melons, worth $ or $6 at wholesale, he gets thirty gallons of sirup, and markets the product at 50 cents a gallon. The refuse is fed to the hogs, cattle and chickens, and the whole operation is very profitable.

Seeding Alfalfa.

The success of alfalfa depends so largely on the condition of land when seed are planted that very intelligent care should now be given to prospective alfalfa fields that are to be seeded this fall. If the land has been in small spring grain and is hard and compact, the first summer plowing given it should not be over deep, or clods will be turned up which no summer rains will pulverize. Turn plowing to a depth of 3 to 5 inches, followed by a second plowing of greater depth when a good season is found in the upper or surface soil, will be found thoroughly practical and will do much to guarantee the rapid growth and strong development of the young plants this fall. We would much rather have as a seed bed for alfalfa a 4-inch soil well moistened and thoroughly fined by harrowing than a 6-inch freshly plowed mass of half moist, loose soil particles through which the hot September air circulates with destructive effect. On unplowed alfalfa land at this date give only normal plowing, with thorough harrowing, and if later season are good, plow deeper and so "clean" the season for the use of the crop.—Farm and Ranch.

Fine Cucumber Crops.

I raise five crops instead of one on the same ground, and on the same vines, with hardly any extra work. Plant in the usual way. When a cucumber is taken from the vine, let it be cut with a knife, leaving about an eighth of an inch of the cucumber on the stem. Then slit the stem with a knife from its end to the vine twice, leaving a small portion of the cucumber on each division. On each separate slit there will be a cucumber as large as the first. By this method you will only need one-fifth the ground that you would need if growing cucumbers in the old way.—Walter Strosnider in Epitomist.

THE COUNTRY'S READERS

Library Figures Here and in Other Cities.

The observation of some visitors to New York that "everybody is on the move" here doesn't fit with the fact that New Yorkers are the greatest readers of books from libraries in the country, as the records of these libraries show. Last year, says the New York Sun, there were 6,318,000 books taken from public libraries in New York for perusal at home—6,318,000 in a city of 4,000,000 inhabitants.

Chicago last year used 1,800,000 books from its three public libraries, and Philadelphia 1,700,000 from its one public library. Chicago has half a million more population than Philadelphia, and the library standard of Philadelphia is therefore very much higher than that of the city on Lake Michigan.

St. Louis is a larger city by 25,000 than Boston, but where last year 1,000,000 books were drawn from the public libraries of St. Louis for perusal, the number taken from the public library of Boston was 1,500,000.

A city which ranks high in respect to the number of books read by its people is Buffalo, in which last year 1,350,000 volumes were drawn from the public library for perusal, while Baltimore and Cleveland, larger cities, had a smaller number—Baltimore 750,000 and Cleveland 1,000,000.

QUEER NATURAL HISTORY.

Scientists are thoroughly convinced that rats are the most prolific propagators of the plague and a campaign of extermination has been begun against them in Japan. No less than 4,820,000 rats have been killed in Tokio alone since 1900. A Japanese scientist says: "All civilized nations have to fight this common enemy, the plague. I believe that there ought to be an international conference to discuss a plan, collect money and organize an international army to fight and vanquish this disease from the surface of the earth. The expedition should be sent to the region of India and south China. The expense needed for such an enterprise would be only a small part of what the civilized nations are spending for their armies and navies."

Says the Japan Times: "A desperate fight took place between two parties of frogs, each composed of not less than 10,000, in a large ditch in Ojimura, Harima prefecture, on June 24, at about 1 p. m. Toward 9 in the evening the operation became very hot, a corps of about 4,000 standing firmly in the ditch against two other corps of over 3,000 each, which apparently seemed to be the invading army. The noise and bustle were more than can be described. In spite of the hard struggle, however, the battle did not end until 10 o'clock the next morning, to the great annoyance of the peaceful human noncombatants around the battlefield, when over 700 warriors killed and 2,000 wounded were to be seen on the spot."

In New Guinea there is said to be a venomous bird called the "bird of death." It is about the size of a pigeon, with a tail of extraordinary length, ending in a tip of brilliant scarlet. It has a sharp, hooked beak, and frequents marshes and stagnant pools. The venom with which it inoculates is distilled in a set of organs which lie in the upper mandible, just below the openings of the nostrils. Under them, in the roof of the mouth, is a small, fleshy knob. When the bird sets its beak in the flesh of a victim this knob receives a pressure which liberates the venom and inoculates the wound.

ERROR IN USE OF ROYAL SALT CELLARS

It has been discovered that the royal salt cellars which are at the Tower and have been used at coronation banquets from the time of Charles II. have all along been used in an inverted position.

The authorities were deceived, it is said, because each of the salt cellars had what seemed to be feet of the kind seen at the present day, and the officials turned them upside down, inserting a small silver bowl in each of the hollow ends. But what were taken to be feet were nothing more than ears attached to the upper rim. The king has given orders to have the mistake rectified.—London Evening Standard.

USEFUL WHEN TRAVELING

A useful case for hatpins, pins and rings is made of a piece of fancy ribbon with one of elderdown flannel pasted on it, and the whole bound with narrow ribbon. At one end is sewed two or three little pieces of chamois, scalloped around the edges. This is for the stickpins. At the other end a little band is fastened. This draws together at the top, and is intended for rings, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The hatpins are run into the elderdown lining and the whole case is rolled and tied with ribbon.

This is a very compact little affair, and most

THE LAXATIVE OF KNOWN QUALITY

There are two classes of remedies; those of known quality and which are permanently beneficial in effect, acting gently, in harmony with nature, when nature needs assistance; and another class, composed of preparations of unknown, uncertain and inferior character, acting temporarily, but injuriously, as a result of forcing the natural functions unnecessarily. One of the most exceptional of the remedies of known quality and excellence is the ever pleasant Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., which represents the active principles of plants, known to act most beneficially, in a pleasant syrup, in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to contribute their rich, yet delicate, fruity flavor. It is the remedy of all remedies to sweeten and refresh and cleanse the system gently and naturally, and to assist one in overcoming constipation and the many ills resulting therefrom. Its active principles and quality are known to physicians generally, and the remedy has therefore met with their approval, as well as with the favor of many millions of well informed persons who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual experience that it is a most excellent laxative remedy. We do not claim that it will cure all manner of ills, but recommend it for what it really represents, a laxative remedy of known quality and excellence, containing nothing of an objectionable or injurious character.

There are two classes of purchasers; those who are informed as to the quality of what they buy and the reasons for the excellence of articles of exceptional merit, and who do not lack courage to go elsewhere when a dealer offers an imitation of any well known article; but, unfortunately, there are some people who do not know, and who allow themselves to be imposed upon. They cannot expect its beneficial effects if they do not get the genuine remedy.

To the credit of the druggists of the United States be it said that nearly all of them value their reputation for professional integrity and the good will of their customers too highly to offer imitations of the

Genuine—Syrup of Figs

manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., and in order to buy the genuine article and to get its beneficial effects, one has only to note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package. Price, 50c. per bottle. One size only.

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Write only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where one can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics — no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

The Livingstons.

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you please publish as full account of Robert Livingston and his relatives as it is possible to find? Who were his parents, if known, did they come from? Was Robert Livingston, lineal descendant of the Earl of Livingston, Scotland, a distant relative of Robert R. Livingston? If so, can you give a chain connecting them?—M. L., Rushville, Ill.

We cannot give, in these columns, a genealogy of the Livingstons or any other family, but a few facts may be of help to any inquirer if not of general interest to Blade readers. Robert Livingston, the first ancestor of the family in America, was born in Ancrum, Scotland, in 1654. He was the son of John Livingston, a Scottish Presbyterian divine. Robert emigrated to America in 1673, and settled at Albany. Robert R. Livingston (the legal R. was assumed in order to distinguish him from other members of the family having the same name) was a son of Robert, the second named, the first Robert, was born in New York, in August, 1718. He had a son, Robert R., who was born in New York, in 1746.

Law of the Twelve Tables.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please tell something about the Law of the Twelve Tables, spoken of in ancient Roman history.—H. B., Forestville, N. Y.

The Law of the Twelve Tables is the first written code of Roman laws, enacted in statutory form, having been drafted by a commission of ten, elected for the purpose, and approved by the popular assembly (451 and 450 B. C.). It appears to have been a compilation of the earlier laws, founded on custom and precedence, but it formulated personal and property rights in such clear language that the patrician magistrates were no longer able to misinterpret and misapply them with impunity, as in former times. The law was regarded by the people much as Americans regard the national constitution, and Roman school boys learned the Twelve Tables by heart, even as late in the age of Cicero. As the great body of laws grew up around the Twelve Tables, and as these called for expert legal interpretation, the study and practice of law gradually developed into a distinct profession.

The Plague.

Editor Question Bureau: — Thucydides has a very graphic description of the plague at Athens, detailing its symptoms. Can the Bureau tell us whether medical history has any account of it, and if so, what the plague was? Time, 430 B. C.—S. S., Union City, Mich.

It is not probable that any exclusively medical history knows anything about the disease which is described by Thucydides. The meaning of plague, in ancient history, covers a wide scope. The plague is described as a contagious fever characterized by an eruption of carbuncles and sores. The disease mentioned by Thucydides does not seem to have been the real oriental plague. A number of the inhabitants of Attica had fled into the city. Fear, anxiety, want, or badness of provisions, and the corruption of the air caused by the crowded state of the population, produced and propagated the disease. Death generally ensued on the seventh or ninth day.

Postal Gum.

Editor Question Bureau:—Of what is the gum made which we find on postage stamps?—H. J. M., Livingston, Ala.

Postal gum is derived from destrine, a product secured in the process of making starch from potatoes, corn and the cassava root. The starch from these vegetables is treated by roasting at a temperature of about 300 degrees at the first, thus causing it to turn into dextrine. Further changes make postal gum and if these changes were carried to the limit the result would be grape sugar or glucose. The best postal gum is that which contains the least unconverted starch and the least glucose. When the material for making gum reaches the bureau of engraving and printing it looks much like flour, except in color. It comes in sacks of 100 pounds each, and every consignment from the contractors is carefully inspected before using. It is subjected to microscopical examination and to chemical analysis, and all this is followed by a practical test.

Ocean Currents.

F. W. B., Blair's Corners, Pa.: There are more than five ocean currents, the number you asked for, and we will give them here for the more general interest of our readers. Ocean currents are due to the rotation of the earth round its axis from west to east, by which the water attains a westerly direction, greater at the equatorial regions where the rotation is quicker, and to the sun's influence on those parts of the ocean which pass most directly under it, causing evaporation, and a consequent inrush of the surrounding water to supply its place; this heating of the water also diminishes its density, expands its bulk, and causes it to overflow on each side of the equator toward the poles.

The Atlantic currents originate in the Antarctic drift, which upon reaching the south coast of Africa, and turning back the Agulhas current, is joined by a small portion of the latter, and sets up the West African coast as the South Atlantic current to the equator. More known as the South Equatorial current, it passes westwardly across the Atlantic to the South American coast. Off Cape St. Roque it divides into two; one branch, the Brazil current, runs southwest till at the Rio de la Plata it recurves to the east. The other and greater branch proceeds along the north coast of South America, in the landlocked basins of the Caribbean sea and Gulf of Mexico, from which latter the pent-up waters escape by the Strait of Florida, as the celebrated Gulf Stream. The waters of this river of the ocean flow, with gradually diminishing force, across the Atlantic, till, near the Azores, they divide into the Gulf Stream drift, proceeding along the northern coast of Europe, and the North Equatorial current, flowing west to rejoin the original stream at various parts of its course. Between the North and South Equatorial currents, the warm Guinea current flows to the east along the African coast into the Gulf of Guinea.

In the Pacific the North and South Equartorial currents flow on either side of the equator toward Asia, repelled by which the waters give rise to the equatorial counter-current, the East Australian and the Japan current. The latter, the most important feature of the ocean, bending off Formosa to the northeast, proceeds in this direction, till, at Japan, the Kamtschatka current flows toward Behring Strait, and the main part toward the American shores. The most important current of the south is the cold Peruvian current.

The South Equatorial current of the Indian ocean, proceeding westerly from Australia across the southern part of the ocean, strikes the north coast of Madagascar, and, as the Mozambique current, rushes down the East African coast to Cape Colony, where it assumes the name Agulhas current. Thence deflected by the Antarctic drift, the current travels south and then east toward the southwest corner of Australia with diminished strength. Here it divides into the West Australian and South Australian currents, the former going to form the beginning of the South Equatorial current.

The Arctic currents from the northern shores of Asia and America flow along the east and west coasts of Greenland, to the Atlantic, being known respectively as the East Greenland and Davis Strait currents. South of Greenland these unite to form the Labrador current, which flows south to Newfoundland, where, meeting the Gulf stream, it divides—one branch flowing southwest as a counter-current, the other branch flowing south as an under-current to the Caribbean sea.

Free County Publications.

T. J. C., Beckett, O.—So far as we know, no change has been made in the postoffice ruling you refer to, which is as follows: "If a subscriber to a county paper resides within the county where the same is printed in whole or in part, and is published, he is entitled to receive his copy thereof from the postoffice at which he regularly receives his mail, though such office may be outside of the said county, and a subscriber who does not reside in the county where the paper is printed in whole or in part, and is published, cannot receive the paper free, even though his postoffice may be in the aforesaid county where the paper is printed. Any postmaster should have the rules governing these matters.

Dying Words of Eminent Persons.

Editor Question Burdeau:—Will you please give the last words, or dying words of a list of eminent men?—M. T. D., Creston, Ky.

We presume that there are many lists in existence purporting to give the last words of dying persons, but it is a question whether they are well authenticated. For the benefit of our inquirer, we will give a few of the alleged last sentiments of dying persons. Byron's last words were, "I must sleep now;" Jesus Christ, "It is finished;" Hazlitt, "I have led a happy life;" Charles V, "Ah, Jesus!" Cromwell, "My desire is to make what haste I may to be gone;" Jefferson, "I resign my spirit to God, my daughter to my country;" Louis IX, "I will enter now into the house of the Lord;" Goethe, "More light;" Knox, "Now it is come;" Lord Elden, "It matters not where I am going, whether the weather be cold or hot;" Columbus, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit;" Nelson, "I thank God I have done my duty;" Franklin, "A dying man can do nothing easy;" McKinley, "God's will, not ours, be done;" Schiller, "Many things are growing plain and clear to my understanding." Hobbes, "Now I am about to take my last voyage —great leap in the dark."

Crystal Gazing.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell us something about crystal gazing? What is it, and what is there to it?—J. S., St. Marys, Kan.

Crystal gazing, used by many in the vain endeavor to penetrate the secrets of the future, is a mode of self-hypnotism, and as such does not require a particular kind of crystal. To produce this state, all a person of a nervous temperament needs to do is to look steadily at any brilliant object, a natural or artificial crystal, a polished metal, a mirror, tumbler of water, and he will fall into a cataleptic state analogous to that produced by the inhalation of some anesthetic. The limbs will grow stiff, his sensibility will be dulled or entirely deadened, but certain sense, such as hearing, or touch in certain parts of the body, will acquire a prodigious vivacity. The least sounds are heard, the slightest impressions are reflected, and dreams, hallucinations arise in the mind as in certain fits of catalepsy.

Some proceedings of divination practiced by the magicians of antiquity, or in the Orient, show clearly that hypnotism played a considerable part. Among the principal means of divination a great many produced a kind of giddiness, by acting upon the eyes and consequently upon the brain, almost in the same manner as do the bright objects in hypnotism. "The sight," writes Ibn Khaldoun (Proligomera, translated by Slane, page 221 and 2), "is among the noblest sense, that (the diviners) give it the preference. Fixing their eyes upon an object with a smooth surface, they look at it attentively until they perceive the thing which they want to announce. Some persons imagine they see the things on the surface of the mirror, but they are mistaken. The diviner looks fixedly at this surface until it disappears, and a curtain, like a mist, interposes itself between him and the glass. Upon this curtain he sees the forms he wants to see, and this permits him to give either affirmative or negative answer to what he is asked him. The diviner, during this state, does not perceive what is really seen in the mirror; it is another mode of perception that awakens within him." This curious passage explains us catoptromania, or divination by mirrors, one of the most famous modes of divination, of which crystal gazing is a modern variation. In hydromania, or divination by water, the surface of a liquid, the water of a fountain supplied the place of the brightness of the metal or glass. The fortune teller believed he saw upon the polished surface the figures of the creature evoked. And to this (in the case of the proceeding taking place at night, which was considered the most propitious time for evocations), the shadows produced by the wavelets, the colored reflections moving on the water, were sufficient to supply the mirror with the elements for the compositions of the images which he, unknown to him, beforehand, had called forth upon the crystal of the water. This is the secret of the magic evocations of antiquity, or today even in the Orient, as well as of the modern fad of crystal gazing. The instruments used are of little importance. They are in reality but the pretexts given to the mind for abandoning itself entirely to the dreams of its own imagination. Imagination, the prey of a hypnotic dream, evokes some picture. As in the night dream, some ill-defined sentiment will reveal a suspicion, a fear, a hope, for which we do not account in our waking state. So also in the so-called hypnotic dream, produced by the gazing at the crystal, the same latent sentiment may become manifest, and the perceived image may sometimes, but not often, have some relation to reality. Those who rely on these revelations of crystal gazing, however, is to deceive one's own self knowingly.

Pitcairn Island.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please give an account of Pitcairn island, in the southern Pacific ocean. On that island the mutineers of the British warship Bounty settled. Can you give a history of their life on the island?—C. G., Turner, Ore.

Pitcairn island is a British possession. Its coast is almost perpendicular and it is fringed with rocks and reefs, making it impossible to land except at a few points. The only interest that attaches to the island is derived from its history, referred to in the above inquiry. It was in 1790 that nine British sailors, mutineers of the British ship Bounty, together with 18 natives of Tahiti, 6 men and 12 women, landed on the island. Their subsequent contentions resulted in murders and various crimes. After ten years John Adams and a few survivors were left. His reform and his manner of teaching and supervising the little colony led to a complete change. They became peaceable, moral and industrious. In 1856 the community, 194 in number, was removed to Norfolk island, Pitcairn having become too small for their comfortable subsistence. Some of the number, about 40, returned to Pitcairn. In 1900 there were on the island 140 persons. A recent colonial office report describes the people as having degenerated from their former manner of living. The local government is administered by a president and a parliament of five persons, elected by the popular vote of the men and women.

The Bagpipe.

Editor Question Bureau: Who were the original bagpipe players, of what nationality were they?—G. L., Monroe, Iowa.

Inasmuch as the bagpipe is of very ancient origin, the question of original players cannot be answered. Representations of the instrument are found on Grecian and Roman sculptures, and it has long been known among various eastern nations. It is now considered the national instrument among the natives of the Highlands of Scotland. It is not known when the bagpipe first found its way into Scotland, but it is probable that the Norsemen first introduced it in the Hebrides, which islands they long possessed.

The Election of Hayes.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you kindly state why Hayes was elected President by the electoral commission instead of by the house?—F. W. B., Blair's Corners, Pa.

In the presidential election of 1876 four states each sent in different and differing returns. Aside from the doubtful votes the Democratic nominees, Tilden and Hendricks, lacked but one vote to a majority. The twenty-second joint rule of the houses, ordering the rejection of any electoral votes to which objection should be made, unless accepted by the concurrent vote of both houses, had been repealed by the Republican senate in January, 1876. Under this rule Tilden would have been elected. But its repeal made it nessessary to employ other means of settling the controversy. For this purpose the electoral commission was created by act of congress.

Sleeping-Sickness.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you kindly tell us something about sleeping-sickness? And if you can, please tell us the cause. I have it.—U. B. V., Lompoc, Cal.

Sleeping-sickness is also called sleeping-disease, African lethargy, lethargus, negro lethargy. It is apparently infectious, occurs mainly among negroes, and is said to be very fatal. Recent investigations by the English government and by the Liverpool school of tropical medicine, show that its prevalence has been exaggerated by the natives, that it has been confounded with other prevailing diseases which have some of the same symptoms but are distinct affections. The natives in their dread of the malady are ready to assert that a person having enlarged glands, headache, and a dry skin, and becoming thin and drowsy, has sleeping-sickness. That the disease prevails at times in certain localities, and is generally fatal, is not disputed, though continued and abnormal sleep has not been present in all cases. Various theories as to the cause of the disease have from time to time been broached. It has been supposed to be due to food-intoxication, or caused by one of the many animal parasites common in Africa. Disorders of circulation, mental depression, bad and insufficient food, intestinal and blood parasites are predisposing causes. Recent investigations show that the disease is probably caused by a parasite which is transmitted from the sick to the healthy by a variety of the tsetse-fly. This parasite enters the blood and the cerebro-spinal fluid, producing what is called by the recent investigators, human trypanosomiasis, to distinguish it from the trypanohiasis which affects horses, fish, etc.

Autopsy in cases of sleeping-sickness shows chronic meningitis, cerebro-spinal fluid, and blood. True sleep is not really a symptom of the disease. There is at first a disinclination to work or move about. This is followed by headache, pains, especially in the chest, dullness, slowness in answering questions, mumbling, and a shuffling gait. The patient becomes drowsy, lethargic, and very thin and weak, and takes to bed; the temperature falls, coma appears, and death occurs from convulsions or starvation. The disease usually lasts from four to eight months.

Patent Laws Again.

H. H., Fort Wayne, Ind:—To us there appears no reason why your brothers should not be competent as witnesses. We again make brief reference to the rules governing applications for patents, notwithstanding we have printed them before more fully:

Applications for a patent must be made in writing to the commissioner of patents, Washington, D. C. The applicant must also file in the patent office a written description of the invention or discovery and of the manner and process of making, constructing, compounding, and using it, in such full, clear, exact, and concise terms as to enable any person skilled in the art or science to which it appertains, or with which it is most nearly connected, to make, construct, compound, and use the same, and in case of a machine, he must explain the principle thereof, and the best mode in which he has contemplated applying that principle, so as to distinguish it from other inventions, and particularly point out and distinctly claim the part, improvement, or combination which he claims as his invention or discovery. The specification and claim must be signed by the inventor and attested by two witnesses. When the nature of the case admits of drawings the applicant must furnish a drawing of the required size, signed by the inventor or his attorney in fact, and attested by two witnesses. In all cases which admit of representation by model the applicant, if required by the patent office, shall furnish a model of convenient size to exhibit advantageously the several parts of his invention or discovery.

The applicant shall make oath that he verily believes himself to be the original and first inventor or discoverer of the art, machine, etc., for which he solicits patent; that he does not know and does not believe that the same was ever before known or used, and shall state of what country he is a citizen and where he resides. In every original application the applicant must distinctly state under oath that the invention has not been patented to himself or to others with his knowledge or consent, or that any foreign country for more than two years prior to his application or an application for a patent filed in any foreign country by himself or his legal representatives or assigns more than twelve months prior to his application in this country. Such oath may be made before any person within the United States authorized by law to administer oaths. Fees must be paid in advance and are as follows: On filing each original application for a patent, $15. On issuing each original patent, $20.

Miscellaneous.

C. W. R., Mitchell, Neb.: If you will turn back to your Blade of July 12, 1906, you will find an article that will answer your question in regard to the magnetic needle.

D. W. S., Letts, Ia.: We are of the opinion that there would be no current if the Panama canal were cut to sea level, without locks. However, we do not wish to be accepted as authority on the subject.

C. C. H. Cory, Pa.: Peterhof palace is the name of the czar's residence. As to dimensions and number of rooms, that is a question we cannot answer.

W. V., Millers Station, Pa.: The Bureau cannot give you the detailed information you want about the Battenberg family.

A. E. D., Ransomville, N. Y.: Do not know the name of the author of the song you ask about.

R. K., Warren, Ill.: Can tell you nothing about the Stephen Brice of whom you inquire.

J. G., Honor, Mich.: All we know about South Dakota homestead lands has been printed in these columns.

J. P., Pa.: Cannot give the information you want about the Pottawottomie Indians.

J. M. F., Lewisburg, W. Va.: You will find the list of "revised" spelling words in The Weekly Blade of last week. The Bureau does not answer questions by mail. See the rules.

R. E. C., West Finley, Pa.: Bishop Lawrence denies being connected in any way with the "endless chain prayer," which you send. The prayer is not worthy of consideration.

M. W. S., Spring Place, Ga.: Send to some bookdealer for the book you want. We cannot print anything in the way of an advertisement in these columns.

A. M. R., Pierrepont, N. Y.: You should obtain some special work on the subject you inquire about. Discussion of the question would largely involve a matter of opinion.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It also takes time to do time in jail.

The easiest way to keep a diary is under lock and key.

Of course it isn't to a man's credit if his credit isn't good.

Ignorance is bliss as regards what most men know about women.

When two women argue the winner is the one who can talk the fastest.

It takes a financial genius to spend his money faster than he makes it.

A man is apt to forget his good breeding when a fat woman steps on his corn.

Some sons take after their fathers, but more fathers take after their sons—with a stick.

There are plenty of people who would be proud to be arrested for speeding an automobile.

One way to get rich is by attending to one's own business—but it is awfully monotonous.—Chicago News.

MEN WANTED

Liberal wages paid monthly to one good man (farmer preferred) in each locality who will distribute our big new Fall Mail Order Catalog and act as our Local Representative. Devote all or only part time. No expense. Write for application blank and full particulars.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO., Dept. L-9. Chicago, Ill.

End of a Famous Bad Man

Indian Territory Bandit Finally Stops a Leaden Pellet From Bob Nester's Hardware.

The merging of Indian Territory into the state of Oklahoma will witness the passing of the old-time guardians of the peace, the picturesque United States deputy marshals. It is true that the new state will have its quota of these law officers, but the duties that they will be called upon to perform will not be of the same character as those which kept the old-timers busy, says the Kansas City Times.

Fourteen or fifteen years ago, when Bud Keil, Bill McCall, Jim Fisher, Bent Cobb, Jack Ellis and "old man" Depew helped to uphold the peace and dignity of the United States in Choctaw, Chickasaw, Creek and Seminole nations, there were picturesque doings. "Black Tiger," the famous Seminole outlaw; Belle Starr, the woman bandit, and her brother, Jim July, then held the boards and the "nation" was fairly filled with bootleggers, horse thieves and lesser criminals.

The old deputy marshals were fearless men. Some of them had doubtful reputations ere they entered the service of Uncle Sam, and in more than one instance the deputy marshal's commission was given by the officers of the federal courts as a sort of compromise and treaty of peace with an especially troublesome, enterprising and energetic law-breaker. Where such was the case the deputy who won his spurs in this peculiar manner became notably efficient and loyal to the powers he served.

Two decades ago there flourished in the southern part of the "territory" a noted character who was widely known under the sobriquet of "Shoo Fly." What his real name was and where he hailed from were mysteries that have never been solved. He had a pronounced Yankee twang and all the mannerisms of the regular "down easter."

He suddenly came to the notice of the territory officials as a bootlegger—one of the cutest, slyest and most successful perambulating dispensatories that ever retailed liquor woe to the denizens of the nation. The fellow moved so rapidly and covered so much territory that he really seemed ubiquitous. For a time his only means of identification were the peculiar methods that he employed in the transaction of his business of "introducing and selling" and the uniform success he had of evading the officers of the law or of giving them a glimpse of his person.

He was the "artful dodger" personified, and in lieu of a better name he was christened "Shoo Fly" by the officers who sought him—they paying him an unconscious compliment in so naming him. For awhile "Shoo Fly" was content to break the law in the one particular of selling liquor to the Indians and such of the white residents of the nation as had gained his confidence. After awhile, however, his criminal enterprise took a wider range and he stole horses, held up travelers and in space of time was charged with practically all the offenses on the calendar. It is known to a certainty that there were over forty warrants issued against him from the federal courts situated in Paris, Wichita and Fort Smith.

United States marshals pitted their cunning against his in their effort to capture him, but all without avail. Practically all the old-time deputies in the territory had taken their whirl in trying to apprehend him, but on their return from the chase they would have to confess that they stood no show whatever with the sly old fox they were after.

At Atoka in those days there was a deputy named Bob Nester, or "Bob Nasty," as he was familiarly known. He was a weazen-faced, undersized fellow, and the last person that one would pick out for an officer of the character of deputy marshal in that section of the country. "He might do for some third-rate district in Ohio where the lawbreakers practically arrest themselves," would be the thought of the casual observer, but those who knew Bob realized that there was no man in the territory more fearless than he, and there certainly was no officer more devoted to duty. Bob had a fine appreciation of the efficiency of the deputy marshals of the "nation," and it troubled him that "Shoo-Fly" had so long remained immune from arrest. Practically all the other officers were married men and they could not afford to chase the arch-criminal for months and months, as their only means of compensation was the fees they received for making arrests and attending the various courts. Bob, who was single, and who felt that he could afford to do so, undertook to uphold the honor of his fellow officers and started out one morning in June with the determination of camping on the trail of "Shoo-Fly" until he could bring the latter to justice, even if it took all summer to fight it out on that line.

By means known to himself he sent word to the object of his search to that effect and then took up the most persistent man hunt that has ever been recorded in the annals of the territory.

Bob had a fine gray riding horse that had in its veins some of the famous blood of the Barrel Denmark stock of Kentucky. Mounted on this magnificent animal the man made a strange contrast, but what he lacked in physical attractiveness he made up in the cold, calm courage of his countenance, and the fearless stern expression of his eye. He was certainly the incarnation of Nemesis when he set out on the trail. For months and months he followed every clew that would lead to the whereabouts of the human prey he sought, but without avail. He almost gave up the hunt in despair, when, one night, while he was camped in the open air near Cole Nelson's crossing, on the Kiamitia river, in the eastern part of the Choctaw nation, he was awakened by some one who stood beside him. In the dull glow of the small campfire the person's features were indistinct, but the carriage of the man, together with some plainly marked physical characteristics, made him a person who, once seen, would always be remembered. He had secured Bob's weapons while the latter slept. He coolly informed the astonished and chagrined deputy, who had instinctively missed his weapons, that he was the long-sought-after "Shoo-Fly" and he gravely stated that the deputy, in pursuing him, was on a veritable wild goose chase. He advised Bob to return to Atoka and put in his time earning money by arresting the less clever criminals who were numerous enough to make good and easy picking for an ambitious deputy marshal.

Bob could do nothing else than act partly on the advice given him, and he had to return to headquarters for new weapons and a horse to take the place of the beautiful animal he had lost in so humiliating a manner.

Despite the failure Bob again equipped himself and took up the pursuit for the second time with greater determination than ever to succeed. This second chase led him up and down the breadth of the territory of the five civilized tribes time and time again. Everywhere that Bob appeared he was informed that the person he sought had been there a short time before and that the latter had taunted Bob on his inability to even catch a cold.

One forenoon Bob Nester happened into the coal mining town of Krebs, a short distance from the older portion of McAlester. It was in November, and the air was cool and snappy. He wandered about the town in an aimless manner until about 11 o'clock. His thoughts were of "Shoo-Fly," and for the first time Bob began to feel a sense of discouragement over the prospect of capturing the wily criminal. While in this mental attitude he happened to glance over toward a frame building a short distance from him. The structure was a crude affair and was used as a restaurant. There, leaning against the house, and lazily dozing in the sun, was a person whose features and general bearing were vaguely familiar to the officer. He pondered for a moment on the man's identity and then it suddenly flashed on him that the person so comfortably dozing in the sun bath was no other than the notorious "Shoo-Fly."

Bob did not hesitate a moment. Drawing his loaded forty-five Colt from the holster, and taking from his pocket the warrant he had for the outlaw's arrest, he confronted "Shoo Fly" with the words: "Wake up!" The fellow did so, only to look down into the cold muzzle of the six-shooter. Bob then said:

"Shoo Fly, I have a warrant for your arrest. I'll read it in a more convenient place. Come with me."

"Bob," was Shoo Fly's answer, "I'll never go with you alive."

With that he made a motion as though he were about to pull a weapon. Bob was too quick for him and shot first. The brains of the outlaw were spattered on the unpainted board wall of the building and he sunk in a lifeless heap on the ground.

The long quest of the deputy marshal was over. He had "got" his man and had achieved success where all his fellows had failed. All that now remained was to report the matter of the outlaw's death and the circumstances that accompanied it to the proper federal authorities. This Bob did, and was ordered to see that the remains received burial. The details were attended to by the officer. He saw that the body was properly clothed, that a coffin had been provided, the grave dug and a vehicle employed to take the remains to their last resting place.

Bob Nester was the only mourner at the funeral of Shoo Fly. He rode on the dray that bore the cheap pine coffin to the potter's field, and his was the only tear that fell when the clods of dirt thumped on the board that concealed all that was mortal of the craftiest criminal that the territory has ever known.

When all was over Bob Nester rendered the following bill:

United States, Dr. to Robert Nester, Cr.:

November 19—	
To burial suit for Shoo Fly	$ 6.00
To paper shoes for Shoo Fly	75
To boiled shirt for Shoo Fly	1.50
To dray used for hauling Shoo Fly	1.50
To digging grave for Shoo Fly	2.00
To coffin for Shoo Fly	5.00
To bullet used in killing Shoe Fly	5
Total	$16.10

The United States court allowed Bob the amount of his bill, and Clerk Fitzpatrick maintained for years that no outlaw the territory had ever produced had been killed as cheaply under federal auspices as had Shoo Fly. The death of the outlaw had a depressing effect on Bob Nester. He seemed to lose all interest in life after that, and in a short time he gave up the duties of deputy marshal and then disappeared from the ken of his fellow officers. His great success was the fruition of the supreme effort of his life, and he retired while his laurels were yet green.

A FREE CURE FOR THE TOBACCO HABIT.

Mrs. J. Kay, Box J 624, Chicago, Ill., still sends out her inexpensive and harmless remedy for the tobacco habit, which cured her husband and hundreds of others. Prescription and directions sent free for 2c stamp. Also has Secret Remedy for Liquor Habit.

FIFTEEN YEARS A POLITICAL PRISONER

After fifteen years' confinement as a political prisoner, Patrick H. Henahan, the last of the victims of Portland prison in England, is passing his last days in New Haven as manager of the city's public bathhouse. Brought up in this city, interest in his Irish friends took him abroad in 1885, where, without any cause, according to his story, he was seized by Scotland Yard detectives and thrown into prison for nearly a score of years.

He was suspected of being a Fenian identified with the "gunpowder plots" of those days. A trunk which he carried with him and which closely resembled one owned by a noted Fenian whom England was tracking caused the arrest of the American and his long confinement in the grim English prisons.

It was on Christmas day in 1884 that Mr. Henahan, then scarcely thirty years old, arrived in London. He had been there but a short time when, according to his story, a squad of detectives, without a warrant or writ of any kind, seized his trunk and himself and dragged them off to the police station. His arrest followed closely the two explosions, one of the White Tower and the other at the house of parliament and being suspected of being identified in some way with those catastrophes even the dust on his books and boots was scraped off and analyzed in the hope of detecting dynamite in this way.

In recounting his experiences recently to a number of friends, Mr. Henahan said that he would have died of starvation while awaiting his trial had not outside friends brought him food. When the day came for his trial his case was hastily disposed of by Judge Hawkins, of Old Bailey, in London, who, failing to identify him—and Mr. Henahan refusing to disclose his identity—sentenced him to prison for life on suspicion of being dangerous to the government.

Several times during the fifteen years, according to Mr. Henahan, he was approached with propositions of liberty if he would disclose Irish secrets to the English government. At the time of the Times commission case against Charles Stewart Parnell, Henahan was offered liberty and wealth to testify against the Irish leader. When he refused, tortures and punishments were inflicted upon him.

Some time later Inspector Littlefield, of the home government, visited him to try and persuade him to give away any information that he had concerning the Irish movement. When Mr. Henahan refused to turn traitor to his countrymen, Littlefield replied: "If don't comply, they will keep you here for life."

Only once did the shrewd Yankee-Irishman outwit his tormentors. Failing to discover his identity, the police decided to take his photograph. Time after time they tried unsuccessfully to get the picture. When the last attempt was made, six officers held him in the chair, and when he would not hold his head steady the deputy governor himself choked him into insensibility. But in some unknown manner that plate was also spoiled, and the police gave up the job. Mr. Henahan said that for a week following this photograph incident he suffered frightfully from a sore throat incurred by the choking.

He was finally released through the intervention of friends, and was let out of prison at night and told to get away as best he could. His property, valued at £25 or more, had been confiscated and sold by the government. For years he has maintained silence about his treatment on the other side, but friends gradually have wormed the story from him, bit by bit.—Boston Herald.

Physical Culture.

"My boy," said the physical culture advocate, "is only 4 years old, but he can raise 40 pounds."

"That's nothing," rejoined Newpop. "My girl is only 4 months old, and she can raise the whole house."—Chicago News.

The Sunday School.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Hundreds of thousands of persons have seen the large picture, "The Conquerors," which was exhibited at the Chicago fair, and has since been on exhibition in Philadelphia. No one who has ever looked upon it can forget it. The canvas portrays the world's great conquerors marching, with banners and insignia, in a solid column that dwindles off into the indistinguishable distance. There we see Napoleon and Caesar and Alexander and Charlemagne and Cyrus and Xerxes and Ptolemy and the other men who beheld the world at their feet.

Two facts about the great picture at once suggest themselves to the thoughtful observer. The first is that these conquerors came to glory by a pathway of death, destruction and desolation. The canvas is repellant to some sensivtive persons because of the two long lines of stark, grim, gray corpses that flank the conquerors on either side. What a price humanity had to pay that these men might wear the laurel!

The other obvious remark is that the greatest of the world's conquerors is not represented. The victories of Alexander and Napoleon were inconsequent and ephemeral beside the conquests of Jesus. The veriest tyro in historical study must perceive that the outstanding hero of the past nineteen centuries is the gentle Nazarene, whose sway had increased and extended until today 500,000,000 of people, who in turn rule the world, bow the knee to Him. Truly, "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean!" And the conquests of Jesus have not been along a gloomy course of sorrow, suffering and death. Life and light have walked in His footsteps. Civilization has been His handmaiden. Health, knowledge and happiness have followed in His train. His triumphal procession down the ages has been accompanied by the hosannas of the myriads who have felt His help or witnessed His life-giving touch.

The Greatest Triumphal Entry.

This triumphal entry into old Jerusalem on the first Palm Sunday suggests stirring thoughts. For in it was prefigured Christ's triumphal entry into human hearts and into all the spheres of life. Individual characters ascribe all their goodness to the perfect One. Learning lays its laurels at the feet of the humble Teacher who kept school by blue Galilee. Medicine esteems as its highest honor the fact that it walks in the footsteps of the great Physician. Art has reserved its ablest brushes for the delineation of the personality of the Saviour. The lawyer harks back to the dicta of the Messiah for the noblest code that can govern the conduct of men in their relation one with another. Philosophy confesses that the greatest of philosophers was He whose teachings were so new that they startled the philosophers who first heard them, and whose gentle speech expressed the highest wisdom. The religious impulses of mankind find in Him "the One altogether lovely." The continual coronation of Christ is the sublimest spectacle of the centuries.

"Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all."

Of all this, how little conception had the multitude which eagerly carpeted His path with their garments and with branches hastily stripped from the palm trees! And how little the baffled Pharisees understood that their disappointed comment, "Lo, the world has gone after Him," was in truth a prophecy of that day, now arrived, when Jesus should be the center of the stage of the universe.

Men not understand themselves and their own actions, much less their neighbor and his deeds. Nobody, save the lonely and sad hearted Man who rode as the center of this demonstration perceived its significance as a startling fulfillment of an inspired Scripture. Even His disciples needed the light that came by the Spirit's descent after the ascension of Jesus, to enable them to interpret it. Tomorrow is always needed to illuminate today. We walk all unseeing life; therefore we should walk gently and humbly.

Hate for a Hero.

Today it is the fashion to praise Jesus. Even the men who honor Him least in their conduct, and deny Him the allegiance of their lives, are quick to pay tribute of cheap praise and to His teachings. In this atmosphere of universal laudation of the Son of Mary it is not easy to realize the intense, bitter and unreasoning hatred with which Jesus was viewed by the Pharisees and priests. He was hated for Himself, because He was a non-conformer, and a newcomer with unconventional teachings. The old is the enemy of the new; "things as they are" are the worst foe of things as they should be. The ossified religiosity of ruling classes among the Jews could not understand or tolerate for an instant this fresh, vital spirit from the hills. The crowning act that provoked Pharisaical enmity was the raising of Lazarus from the dead. For this they would both Lazarus and the Lord since it increased the latter's popularity. There is a direct connection between the triumphal entry and the fact that the Bethany home had given of its hospitality and friendship to Jesus.

So popular had the Master become, for the moment, at least, that all the snarling dogs of envy and bigotry had to slink back, baffled into obscurity. 'Behold, how ye prevail nothing; lo, the world is gone after Him," they said among themselves. For in front of their eyes, as they gathered in sullen groups, was this tremendous ovation which meant that Jesus was the idol of the hour. He could even be crowned king should He so desire. The danger of popularity in which flood many a promising hero has been engulfed beset Jesus in full tide.

But He was not disturbed. There was not an extra beat to His pulse because of it, and not the slighest flush of exaltation upon His cheek. "He knew what was in man," and He appraised the demonstration at its true value. He accepted exaltation as He accepted humiliation, merely as a part of the work which the Father had given Him to do. To Him the triumphal entry must have been unspeakably sad, for He realized that the fickle multitude—many of these very same persons who were shouting themselves hoarse with "Hosanna!"—would within the week be crying as lustily "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" The plain branches were but preliminary to the tree upon which He would shortly suffer. Ah, heavy was the cross that the gentle Jesus bore!

Shouting or Service.

This great Jewish feast brought together multitudes of all sorts of people from far-removed places. Among the visitors were some Greeks—curious, alert, novelty-loving people. They had heard of this wonderful man, and from what motive we do not know, we can only imagine, they now inquired of Philip: "Sir, we would see Jesus."

For answer came the words of Jesus, so deep that perhaps the Greeks did not catch their significance

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1906.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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PREMIUM WATCH.

We have awarded the August premium watch to Abner Bartlebaugh, Grant, Pa., for a club of 100 subscribers sent us last month.

CURRENT COMMENT.

It would be quite a distinction for Gen. Trepoff should he die of sickness.

Stripes are to be the style for the coming season. It is fashion's not the court's decree, however.

It is sad but true that membership in a church doesn't necessarily make a banker honest.

Secretary Taft is going to speak twice in Maine. Once was all that was necessary in Ohio last fall.

No matter what other countries may do, Russia will continue to spell crisis and chaos in the same old way.

Cuban rebels do not throw bombs. Throwing a bomb requires the exercise of a certain amount of energy.

If the Cuban government could keep the cigarets away from the rebels the revolution would doubtless soon collapse.

And again, Mr. Bryan may have good and sufficient reason to believe that there isn't any money in being conservative.

As his steamer drew into New York bay Mr. Bryan smiled. And then everybody recognized him as the only and original Bryan.

The trouble is that after you have mastered the reformed orthography of 300 words the reformers will come along with 300 more equally as bad.

The state of Kansas has once more gone through the process of reminding the world that John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave.

The family reunion is a great institution at this season of the year. It is quite a help in enabling people to find out who their poor kin are.

If one can judge from reading the various well-edited newspapers of the country, the consensus of opinion is that he is the same Bryan.

Never having used tobacco in any form, Banker Hipple, of Philadelphia, might have lived to a ripe old age, had he not committed suicide.

Mr. Bryan's bald head should be sufficient discouragement to those who may still feel inclined to refer to him as the "boy orator of the Platte."

Mr. Bryan had a slight attack of seasickness on the way home, but it was not serious enough to cause him to heave up the free silver Jonah.

Walter Wellman is not to be seriously blamed for preferring to spend the long winter evenings in the cozy corner, writing about the north pole.

An Atlantic City woman saved a man from drowning, but refused to marry him. She may have been afraid the time would come when he would "throw it up" to her.

Besides the monetary loss some people will suffer as a result of that Philadelphia failure, a shortage of faith in human nature is also likely to result.

Mr. Bryan accused President Roosevelt of having stolen his clothes. Now the Socialists have just as reasonable grounds for complaint against Mr. Bryan.

Any Democratic farmer who didn't go to New York to meet Bryan has a reasonable excuse in the explanation that he had to stay at home to harvest Republican prosperity.

When the czar of Russia thinks of the sickness of the shah of Persia and the sultan of Turkey, he probably wishes he had some sort of trouble that would respond to medical treatment.

President Roosevelt, as soon as the people become accustomed to the reformed method of spelling, should use his influence on those persons who never dot their I's or cross their T's.

Vice President Fairbanks made a speech in Kansas the other day and was enthusiastically received, notwithstanding the growing corn crop was making a great deal of noise at the time.

The congressional campaign is not creating much excitement so far, but there is reason to believe that General Prosperity is doing some gum shoe work that will show itself when the returns are in.

Judged by the attitude assumed by conservative Democrats toward the keynote speech, there has been a wonderful increase in the number of Republicans who can defeat Bryan in 1908.

The latest prediction places the end of the world at 1982. Some day, perhaps a few hundred thousand years later, somebody with less than ordinary intelligence, is likely to become excited over such prophecies.

Poor food investigations have revealed a lot of genius in this country that nobody ever read about in the school books. What boy ever had his teacher tell him of a man who could make tomato catchup without using tomatoes?

SENATORS BY DIRECT VOTE.

Much good is coming out of the ante-convention controversy among Ohio Republicans. It is developing a spirit of harmony rather than discord between the leaders. The more certain questions are discussed it becomes apparent there is agreement rather than disagreement. In a statement made last week Congressman Burton suggested as one of the planks in the Dayton platform a declaration in favor of electing United States senators by direct vote of the people. It was expected this proposition would be opposed by Senators Foraker and Dick. The junior senator has not spoken, but Senator Foraker says: "I am an advocate of the proposition that the Republicans at their primaries shall by direct vote on that question nominate the man who is to be the candidate of their party for senator. Illinois has provided for this by statute. Ohio should do the same thing."

No contention there. The Blade is greatly mistaken if the delegates at Dayton do not heartily concur in the views of Burton and Foraker. The sentiment for such a change has been growing so rapidly that it has reached the point where it is a demand. As the senate has stood in the way of submitting a constitutional amendment, the people in a number of state have formulated plans by which the same result may be obtained. It has become the custom in many of the states in the south to select candidates for senators at primary elections, the legislatures simply ratifying the choice of the voters. In Illinois the legislature has pointed out the way and it was only a few days ago that the Republican voters of that state expressed their choice for Shelby M. Cullom.

Ohio Democrats formulated another plan. At the recent state convention at Columbus the party ordered that in the call for the convention of 1908 the committee shall provide for the nomination of a candidate for senator, thus shifting the choice from the legislature to the delegates to that convention.

There is no question but that Ohio Republicans believe in a direct vote for senatorial candidates, and it now looks as if there will be little friction over such a plank when it comes up for consideration next week at Dayton.

MR. WALSH'S LETTER.

Charles A. Walsh for twelve years has been the member of the Democratic national committee from Iowa and its secretary during the presidential campaigns of 1896 and 1900. From the time he reached his majority until the present he has been active in party work and party organization. Saturday he sent his resignation to Chairman Taggart and with it gave the reasons for so doing. We quote from his letter:

For the future I intend to be in position to support or not support, as I may see fit, the candidates of the Democratic party.

I have reached the conclusion that the perpetuation of corrupt corporation, boss-control of political affairs is made possible by the slavish subserviency of the individual to party name and by lack of independent action.

While I have heretofore always been known as a partisan Democrat, and will always be a staunch supporter of Democratic principles, as I understand them, it has been steadily borne in upon me for a long time, as I came closer and closer to a knowledge of the inner workings of the party system, that, from the standpoint of true Democracy, there can be nothing worse or more injurious to the country than the 'yellow dog' party feeling that impels good men to support a ticket of unfit nominees merely because they bear the party label.

Intending in the future to ally myself with any movement looking to the cultivation of independent action along the lines of principle among all the people, I cannot in honor or justice to myself continue to take part as a member of the organization in the Democratic councils; and I therefore return my commission, perhaps with regret that I should deem it necessary, but certainly not with any weakness of resolution.

It is unusual for so prominent a party man to take such a position. As a rule such action is taken when there is a conflict over a question of party principle and the man feels he cannot consistently support party doctrine. But in this case Mr. Walsh is yet a Democrat and reiterates his belief in the fundamental principles of his party, but is too conscientious to occupy a place which makes it incumbent on him to support the nominees of his party regardless of their qualifications.

Mr. Walsh's letter shows the tendency of the times. The spirit of independence is growing—not so much independence of party principles but of party candidates. It used to be that a man rejoiced in making the assertion that he would vote for a yellow dog on his own ticket rather than for a decent man on the ticket of the opposition. That day has passed and it will probably never return. Such blind partisanship is dangerous to the country, for it is certain to foist upon the public as servants inferior men and bad officials.

On the other hand, if parties understand they will not be supported at the polls unless men of character and known probity are placed upon the ticket they will seek for such men and none others.

THE CZAR AND THE PEASANTS.

There are more people living outside the cities and towns of European Russia than the entire population of the United States. A majority of these belong to the peasant class and are tenants living on lands owned by the imperial family, the nobles, and the church. These peasants are poor, for the system of taxation in Russia is such that the government takes everything in sight and demands more. There has been great restlessness on the part of these millions, and it was with the thought of relieving them that the douma had under discussion a plan of agrarian reform when it was dissolved.

The government was shrewd enough to know that it must do something to influence these peasants before another parliament was convoked, for if the rural population could not be held in line the danger from revolution would be greatly increased. A clever plan has been formulated. It is proposed by the czar to sell to the tenants, on terms so easy that to meet them will require little more money than paying rent, 30,000,000 acres of land now belonging to the royal family. In plain English, the proposition means that the peasants are to be bribed by this land to return to the douma representatives who will favor the schemes of the crown and oppose constitutional government.

The czar realizes he has his hands full in dealing with the revolutionists in the cities and towns. If he can placate the people in the country districts and can quiet their clamorings, he will have gained an important point, and if ever a government needs time it is Russia. If there should be an uprising of the peasant class now, along with the revolutionary spirit rampant in the cities, the czar understands the government would be confronting a danger against which it could not prevail.

It will be interesting to watch the effect of the government's announcement. The probability is it will accomplish what the czar wishes, for the average Russian peasant is poor and he has a great desire to own land. He is so stolid that he is not quickly moved to revolt, and if he has an opportunity to secure a little land of his own, he will consider himself so fortunate that he will not become a revolutionist, but in all probability will feel so grateful to the government that he will aid it in the elections. It is a big bribe to at least remain passive, and it will probably succeed. If it does, the government will have made a clever move, and can turn its attention to the cities where lie its greatest troubles and its organized and determined opposition.

THE PRESIDENT AND SPELLING.

Now that President Roosevelt has promulgated his famous order regarding spelling, it is pointed out that the decree may have a more widespread effect than was at first expected. It is suggested that as the civil service commission works directly under his authority and prescribes examinations in spelling for the thousands who wish to enter the government service, it will adopt the abbreviated form, and that hereafter all who expect to pass such examinations will have to acquaint themselves with at least the three hundred words which the President has decided to use in the new way.

But the government publications will not all fall in line with the President's suggestion. For instance, the Boston Transcript has made the discovery that while the public printer is appointed by the President that officer is under the direction of congress and the Congressional Record will therefore not use the new method. The members of congress will certainly oppose having their speeches printed in such a way as would make them appear to be productions of the late Artemus Ward. They will have no inclination to cause their constituents to think they have turned humorists.

The public print shop will have to be run in two sections, the one devoted to contributions from the President and those directly under him, and the other to look after the legislative branch of the government. The Transcript also raises this question in regard to the state department:

The effect of the new spelling in international affairs, is full of possibilities. Would a treaty, which is usually executed in two languages, have its English text expressed in the reformed spelling? Probably not. The state department, it may be recalled, was the last in Washington to use the typewriter. Until very recently it adhered to the amiable tradition that typewriting was not in good form for communications with diplomatic officers, or for the communications of the department with people in this country, and as a result the copper-plate penman of the state department were long undisturbed by their work. Perhaps, taking a leaf from this experience, the department may make itself an exception from the President's order in regard to the new spelling. This is particularly likely to happen if its officers wait until Secretary Root gets home before making any change. He is a practical man, and would go slowly in such a move.

President Roosevelt has accomplished some remarkable results in a comparatively short space of time, but The Blade is greatly mistaken if he does not experience more difficulty in getting the people to give serious attention to this reform in spelling than he had in bringing about peace between Japan and Russia at the historic conference at Portsmouth. He has made a nine days' wonder of the new method, but that does not mean he has popularized it.

CUBAN PROSPERITY AND PROGRESS.

Cuban malcontents, for want of a better excuse for an uprising, may charge President Palma with election frauds, but they can have little complaint to make against his conduct of governmental affairs. Viewed from the standpoint of progress and prosperity the record of his administration stands as a notable success. Cuba has a surplus in the treasury and the property of the island has steadily increased in value during Palma's four years in office. Exports from the United States increased from $26,000,000 to $38,000,000; imports into the United States from Cuba have likewise increased from $34,000,000 to $86,000,000. In 1902 a total of 840,000 tons represented the Cuban sugar production; the production of 1905 is given at 1,152,000 tons, or an increase of 312,000 tons; and the United States will this year buy of the island in the neighborhood of 1,000,000 tons.

These figures fairly represent the material prosperity of the island; the record is creditable to the Palma administration, and demonstrates the self-governing capabilities of the republic. It is a great misfortune that these happy conditions must be disturbed by a disgruntled band of office-seekers whose real motives are poorly disguised under a pretense of patriotic sentiment. The sooner and the more effectually the rebellion is crushed the better it will be for present prosperity and the future contentment of the island. If Palma's government hasn't the strength necessary for the task, a note addressed to Uncle Sam should bring an early and satisfactory response.

THAT LETTER TO JONES.

One of the very first things Mr. Bryan did after his arrival in America was to tell his neighbors and friends from Nebraska that he had not decided to be a candidate for the presidency. He reminded them of his letter to Jones, of Arkansas, in which he named conditions under which he would be a candidate. Here, then, is a precarious situation for the Democracy. For weeks and weeks the Democrats of the country, in state and county conventions, unmindful of the letter to Jones, have been whooping and hurrahing for the "peerless leader" without apparent thought of the possibility that he might decline a nomination. Perhaps they proceeded on the theory, if they stopped to theorize at all, that they were creating the very conditions under which he would accept. Then the home-coming reception was planned; a banquet and spontaneous outbursts of enthusiasm were appropriately provided for. It was a conspicuously partisan welcome. It was a case of Bryan and the presidency or bust with the assembled hosts; the picturesque cowboy mayor of Omaha was on hand with a rope, to lasso the "great commoner," tie him to the back of the Democratic donkey and parade him as the next President.

The reception could not have been other than gratifying to Mr. Bryan; to a man not so well accustomed to the shouts of the multitude it would have been overwhelming. But under it all Mr. Bryan remained calm and steadfast, and quietly directed attention to his letter to Jones, of Arkansas. Mr. Bryan has stampeded conventions in his time, but is himself not so easily stampeded. He does not want to "sit on a stool and look pleasant for two years." There is political shrewdness for you. It would be notably unfair to intimate that Mr. Bryan has decided in his own mind that he will or will not be a candidate, but it is creditable to his sagacity to say that he realizes that enthusiasm will survive longer on a light diet of uncertainty than if permitted to gorge itself with a foregone conclusion. Down deep in their hearts the shouting Democrats may feel that there is no question of their champion accepting a nomination; nevertheless there remains a reasonable amount of uncertainty until he ceases directing attention to that letter to Jones, of Arkansas, and says the word.

MR. BRYAN'S SPEECH.

We believe in Mr. Bryan when he talks about himself. He was right when he declared he had not changed and that he stands where he stood in 1896 and 1900. His speech at Madison Square Garden proves this. Of course he has dropped the free silver issue, for he knows it is dead.

His proposition for the government ownership of the trunk line railroads and the state ownership of the smaller lines seems like a somewhat radical departure, but is at once modified by the declaration that it is not necessary to do this at once, but it should be done "ultimately." This may mean in a hundred years, a thousand years or million years. It was merely an adroit political play of which art Mr. Bryan is a past master.

The speeech was not marked by that boldness of utterance expected from Mr. Bryan. He has become more cautious. He hesitates to tread on new ground. He hangs to old and repudiated theories and lacks the progressiveness which might be expected of a man having the advantages of extensive travel. There is nothing in what he said to electrify the country nor make the twice defeated candidate for the presidency stronger with the masses.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer, the Democratic organ of northern Ohio, in the opening paragraph of an editorial on last night's meeting crowds considerable truth and gives a fair estimate of Mr. Bryan's speech. The Plain Dealer says:

The Democrats who flocked to hear Mr. Bryan in New York last night expecting to hear a call from a clarion that would combine the potency of Gabriel's horn to wake the dead and those before Jericho to cause a hostile citadel to fall, must have been disappointed. It must have occurred to them that they had heard that same horn before. The speech contained nothing that had not previously been said by Mr. Bryan, and in much the same way, and little that could not now be said by Theodore Roosevelt before an applauding crowd of Ohio Republicans. As a reaffirmation of Mr. Bryan's well known views it leaves little to be desired. As the basis of a Democratic platform two years hence it is open to the objection that it deals for the most part, but with one important exception, with issues which the Democratic party has repudiated or forgotten or to which it is now indifferent, or which the Republican leader has to all intents and purposes made his own.

THE HEPBURN LAW.

The railway rate act, which aroused so much interest throughout the country and provoked the greatest debate in congress in years, is now a law. So far there has been no confiscation of property, the interstate commerce commission has shown no signs of doing anything rash and the sun rises and sets as usual.

As was expected the railroads of the country were not ready to comply with the demands of the new legislation, but the commission will grant them more time, and there is a disposition on the part of these corporations, with few exceptions, to meet the requirements of the enactment.

Of course a multitude of questions will arise and the courts will have a busy time of it for years to come. The workings of the new law will show its weaknesses and it will likely have a number of changes. But there is a general feeling that it is a step in the right direction and will lead to the readjustment of many inequalities and in the end will not work a hardship to the railroads, while it is sure to be of advantage to the public generally and of special benefit to an army of small shippers.

SEEN FROM ABROAD.

The Ohio situation is receiving widespread comment on the part of newspapers of other states, and it is somewhat interesting to sit at home and read what our neighbors think of us. The theme of discussion is the question of party etiquette, as styled by the New York Tribune, in connection with the Ohio Republican platform utterances on Senators Foraker and Dick. The whole country is watching events with considerable interest, and the news from Dayton next month will be read with avidity. After detailing the situation here in Ohio fairly and so accurately as to prove its full knowledge of conditions, the Tribune says:

Ohio's pride pointing will have to be done this year with a more or less irresolute finger. Yet it is a material gain for intelligent politics when a convention drops the old perfunctory omnibus endorsement habit and begins to weigh seriously the arguments for and against a certain course or policy. Ohio should know and the country should know whether Mr. Foraker represented anything beyond his individual prepossessions in fighting so resolutely the whole scheme and theory of railroad rate regulation. It would be helpful to discover whether or not Mr. Dick reflected the best judgment of the party in Ohio when he voted to deny relief to the suffering Filipinos. If he really represented Ohio opinion he is, of course, not censurable, though we are disposed to agree with Mr. Burton that a direct vote on this issue would show Mr. Dick in a small minority, just as a direct vote in Connecticut would reverse the position of Senators Bulkeley and Brandegee. The two Ohio senators must, in their own interest, desire a full and free discussion in the state convention of the policies on which they differed from the administration, and must welcome any friendly instruction for their future guidance. Sane criticism is preferable to unmeaning eulogy, and it is less important for a convention to "point with pride" than it is to counsel with freedom and intelligence.

The point is well made. This state has been in the habit of bestowing bouquets in a rather promiscuous manner. It has pleased individuals, but it is doubtful if it has added strength to the party. If a public servant does his duty, well and good; he has done no more than was expected of him. To pat him on the back because he differed from his constituents and failed to represent them is a silly exhibition often made by conventions, but an act which is not a credit to any party and a plain though futile effort to deceive the people.

The Tribune utters a great political truth when it says "it is less important for a convention to 'point with pride' than it is to counsel with freedom and intelligence." Ohio Republicans at Dayton will do well to remember this.

INDICTING THE STANDARD.

The federal grand jury at Chicago has indicted the Standard Oil company for rebating. The Standard has been indicted so many times recently there must be something extraordinary about the action of the grand jury to cause more than passing comment. The Chicago jury has risen to the occasion. It has returned ten indictments including 6,428 counts for alleged offenses. That's quite a record. Before all these separate charges are disposed of the Standard's attorneys will probably earn their salaries.

Some fellow, mathematically inclined, has been doing a little figuring, and his conclusions will cause the Standard to sit up and take notice. The minimum fine for each offense proved is $1,000, and the maximum $20,000. If the Standard is found guilty on all charges and is assessed the minimum penalty, the fines, according to this mathematician, will aggregate $6,428,000, while if the judge should happen to be a second Kinkade the Standard will have to fork over $129,560,000. That's a big pile of money—enough to make John D. squirm.

Of course, there are several "ifs" and "ands," but to interject them might spoil a good story. While it is not probable the maximum penalty will be assessed, if the Standard is found guilty of rebating it will find out Uncle Sam is a firm believer in the administration of justice.

BUSY CABINET OFFICER.

Hon. James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, is not reveling in vacations this long, hot summer. On the contrary he is one of the busiest men in the country. Congress, last winter, cut out an immense amount of work when it passed the meat inspection and pure food laws. This summer Secretary Wilson has been spending considerable time making a personal inspection of some of the big packing houses. He does not send word ahead that he is coming, but appears when least expected, and, keen observer that he is, soon becomes acquainted with the details of the business.

And while Secretary Wilson is away from Washington on his tour of inspection, his heads of departments are busy preparing the labels required by the new laws. There is much detail work to be done, and the agricultural department is one of the busiest places in Washington. So far as the labels are concerned, the meat inspection law goes into effect the first of October while the pure food law becomes effective the first of next January.

GEN. GRANT A TEETOTALER.

General Fred Grant's latest pictures show a remarkable resemblance to his distinguished father. General Fred has convictions and is not afraid to express them. Neither does he hesitate to discipline himself. It is not generally known, perhaps, that he has pronounced views on temperance. In fact he is a total abstainer, and is so in harmony with the Prohibition party that its leaders are considering giving him the nomination for President in 1908.

In an interview in a New York periodical recently General Grant said:

Tell the young men through your paper that Gen. Grant does not drink a drop of liquor—has not for eighteen years, because he is afraid to drink it. I tried to drink it with extreme moderation, because I know that alcohol is the worst poison that a man can take into his system, but found it was an impossibility to drink it moderately. Because moderate drinking is an impossibility I became a teetotaler—a crank, if you please. I will not allow it even in my house. Drink is the greatest curse, because practically all crimes and disasters are the result of it.

The general showed his wisdom and a thorough knowledge of himself by becoming a total abstainer when he found it to be impossible to drink in moderation. That is where so many men make a mistake. They do not realize their self-control is slipping away from them, and going on the theory they can drink moderately realize when it is too late that the habit has overcome their will power, and they are in its clutches for all time. If they could do as Grant has done, there would be far less misery and degradation in the world.

Perhaps General Grant was wrong when he said that moderate drinking is an impossibility. There are men who can and do drink moderately, but it is a dangerous venture, and one it does not pay to make. The safe plan is to follow the example of General Grant, and let drink alone.

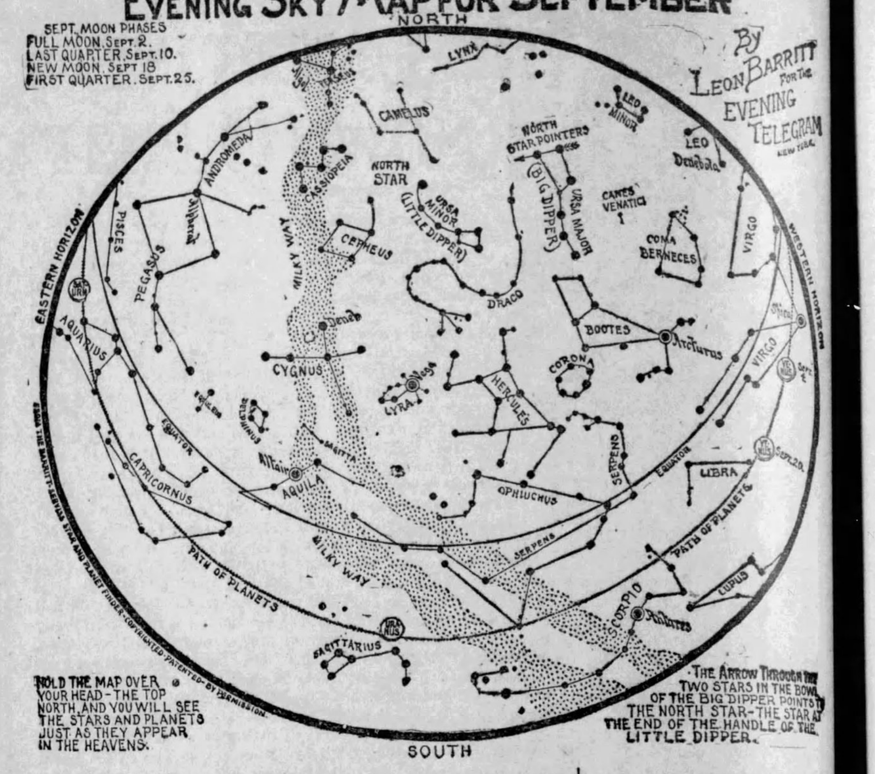
ORNERY-ACTING MEN.

Thirty-six Kentucky school teachers—we believe they have been frequently referred to as belles—have returned from a trip to Europe with a poor opinion of the men over there. These Europeans are described as "ornery-looking and ornery-acting," and that is perhaps about the worst that could be said about any man or set of men. In Paris these Kentucky girls—belles—were hissed by Frenchmen because they were disappointed in their personal appearance.

It is not necessary, and certainly is not cheerful, to relate further particulars. It is quite evident that the Kentucky teachers have not jumped at a conclusion. These Frenchmen are certainly ornery-acting, and the Kentucky teachers will not have to produce photographs with the statement that they are ornery-looking But the gratifying thing to be considered in connection with this revelation is that the thirty-six Kentucky teachers have returned from their educational trip with a more exalted opinion of American men, and, more particularly, with Kentucky men. In the minds of these teachers the home product shines by comparison.

What the result of the visit will be, further than a guarantee of greater contentment on the part of the Kentucky teachers, is conjectural, but it should have a similar effect on all other Kentucky women. Whoever sent these teachers abroad is to be congratulated. He did a generous thing; and if he contemplated the result he is wise beyond his generation.

EVENING SKY MAP FOR SEPTEMBER



At 6 o'clock p. m. on September 23, the sun crosses the equator on its way south and autumn, with its charming days will be inaugurated. On this date the sun rises due east and sets due west, and day and night are of equal length (twelve hours) over the whole earth.

The sun crosses the equator in the constellation Libra, astronomically speaking, but actually 30 degrees back in the constellation Virgo (see map). This difference, as explained in the March article, is caused by the sun crossing the equator 50 seconds further back each year.

Two thousand years ago the zodiac divisions and the constellations coincided; that is, began at the first point of Aries—degree one—at which point the sun then crossed the equator in the spring. But crossing the equator 50 seconds back each year has, in the course of two thousand years, caused the sun to cross at a point 30 degrees back, where it now crosses in Pisces. This change at the spring equinox also applies, of course, to the autumn equinox. The sun then (2,000 years ago) crossed in the constellation Libra, but now crosses in the constellation Virgo.

Astronomers always speak of the sun crossing the equator at the equinoxes according to the old zodiac arrangement, and I allow for the change of 30 degrees. This backward movement is called "precession," and is caused by the unequal attraction of the sun and the moon upon the earth at the equator.

Cassieopa, a constellation that presents a clearly defined "W," is moving up from the east into the evening sky, followed by Andromeda, Pegasus, Capricornus and Aquarius. Delphinus, sometimes called "Job's Coffin," is a pretty little group of stars just north of Aquila, which will be found very interesting when viewed through an opera glass. To those who cannot afford or who do not have access to a large telescope, the heavens will take on a new charm when examined with an opera glass. Try it on the moon some evening and you will be agreeably surprised, or on the Pleiades, that wondrous cluster of stars. The fact is that a low power telescope—say three to five-inch object glass—will afford more actual pleasure and interest to the average man than the high power telescopes, which are only intended for the professional astronomer.

Cygnus, sometimes called the Northern Cross; Hercules, Corona, Bootes and Aquila, of the constellations, are most clearly in view in the evening this month. Vega, the second brightest star in the northern sky, gives one hundred times more light than our sun. It will be found in its zenith this month.

The changing positions of the planets as they move eastward on their never ceasing journey through the field of fixed stars, finds a striking illustration at this time in Venus, now so finely in view in our western evening sky. This planet is so striking prominent in comparison with the fixed stars that it is easily distinguished, and its course can be easily followed from night to night. It comes into view about twenty minutes after sunset, and sets about o'clock. On September 4 it will be five degrees east of the first magnitude star Spica, and on September will have reached its greatest elongation east near the lowest star in the constellation, Libra (see map).

The planets Uranus and Saturn are still evening stars. Mercury, Mars, Jupiter and Neptune are moving stars. Mercury will be found low in the east together on the morning of the third only seven degrees apart. Mars can be distinguished from Mercury because of its ruddy color and from the fact that it will be nearer the sun.

The Milky Way, that mysterious and wonderful combination of stellar worlds, that seems to enfold our solar system like a mighty belt, is now sweeping from the northeast to the southwest across the evening sky. It presents one of the most awe inspiring sights in the heavens, and is the most powerful telescope yielding only clustering millions of stars or beyond.

LEON BARRITT.

Current Events.

The United States army transport Sheridan goes ashore off Honolulu.

Wisconsin towns are in terror of leopards that escape from a circus.

Dollar appeal of Republican national committees brings in small returns.

James Gibbons, a wealthy farmer, living near Bloomington, Ill., is shot to death in his bed.

Secretary Wilson fixes October 1 as absolute limit for placing new labels on meat products.

Ohio riflemen win honors at Seagirt shoot, securing five prizes in the off-hand military match.

Premier Stolypin seeks appointment as dictator of Russia, but declares himself as opposed reaction.

Judge Alton B. Parker is unanimously chosen president of the American Bar association at St. Paul.

August grand jury is discharged in New York without having voted indictments against ice officials.

University of Minnesota professor brands the educational principles of big universities as destroyers of culture.

Vice President Fairbanks delivers a stirring address at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Osawatomie.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Dennis, who lost $100,000 in Wall street speculation, is sent to the Tombs for defrauding a New York hotel out of $7.33.

Secretary Wilson returns to Washington after an inspection of packing plants in the west, all of which, he says, are satisfactory.

Emerson McMillan, gas magnate, comes out in favor of state control of gas companies, particularly because of its publicity features.

Booker T. Washington, at the convention of the National Negro Business league, deplores the crimes committed by members of the race.

Heir to the throne of Germany is christened in the palace of Potsdam, all the powers of the world being represented at the ceremony.

William E. Curtis says that even the Cossacks, who alone sustain the Russian throne, show signs of siding with the movement for political progress.

Defective workmanship alleged to have been found in many British warships, including the monster vessel Dreadnaught, which has been in dry-dock since the launching.

R. D. Short, candidate for appointment as postmaster of Lake Geneva, in an affidavit, charges that Fred Kull, a lieutenant of Congressman Cooper, tried to sell the office for $2,400.

Representatives of the express companies plead with the interstate commerce commission in Washington for delay in the application of the rate law, but are given little encouragement.

Draft of a proposed uniform divorce law is being revised by a subcommittee in session in St. Paul for submission to the divorce congress, which will meet in Philadelphia in November.

Woman suffrage as a cure of the ills of the body politic is advocated by Lewis Emery Jr., nominee for governor of Pennsylvania, in a speech opening the state campaign at Carlisle.

West Shore and New York Central railroads force a party of Missourians on their way to the Bryan demonstration to remove the banners from the sides of their special cars, holding the party in Buffalo for four hours.

Young girl, who came to this country a few years ago as a penniless immigrant from Norway, and served as a housemaid, wins success on the stage through her beauty, and her engagement to the son of an English lord is rumored.

Bryan's advocacy of public ownership of railroads is not approved by the staid leaders of the old "sane and conservative" wing of the Democratic party in New York, who are said to be casting about for a candidate more to their liking.

THE EDITOR AND THE TRAMP

Bret Harte's first stories appeared in the San Francisco Overland Monthly. Then he was appointed editor of this magazine. That was in 1869. About this period two or three weekly newspapers were struggling for existence.

One day the office boy went to the editor of the Scurring Eagle and said: "There is a tramp at the door, and he says he has had nothing to eat for six days."

"Fetch him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it we can run this blamed paper for another week."

Last Wishes of Founder of Put-in Bay Still Respected

Put-in Bay, Sept. 1. — In the pretty little country cemetery which lies at the slope of the hill, east of Hotel Victory, Put-in Bay island, stands the tomb of Joseph De Rivera Saint Jarjos, a native of Porto Rico, and the descendant of an old Spanish family. In the annals of that group of islands of Lake Erie to which Put-in Bay belongs, no name is so prominent as that of De Rivera, who in 1848 purchased from the government for $44,000 the five islands of Put-in Bay or South Bass, Middle Bass, Sugar, Gibralter and Ballast.

At this time De Rivera was a wealthy sugar trader, with headquarters in New York city, but reverses came through unsettled trade conditions in South America, and the fortune of the Spanish American being practically wiped out, he came to Put-in Bay, his only remaining possession, where he determined to establish a sheep farm. But Put-in Bay, like nearly all the other islands, in the vicinity, was at that time infested with rattlesnakes and De Rivera found it necessary to perform for Put-in Bay island the service St. Patrick is reputed to have done for the Emerald island. To do this he brought in a cargo of hogs and turned them loose on the island, and having cleared it of the reptiles, established his sheep farm.

This industry flourished for a decade or two, and then the beauty and fertility of the island bringing to De Rivera many opportunities to sell portions of it, he finally platted it.

In 1889 the old Spaniard died. In accordance with instructions left in his will a mausoleum built after the Spanish custom was erected over his grave. Built of red brick with a gray stone front on which is the inscription, the tints mellowed with time and its walls overgrown by trailing ivy, the mausoleum is a striking feature in the little cemetery where all other of the tombs are of the most ordinary and conventional design.

At almost any time during the summer gaudy red and yellow flowers may be seen at the base of the tomb, placed there by an unknown hand.

The Daussa cave is on the property that at the time of his death belonged to De Rivera and which he bequeathed to P. Daussa, a cork merchant of New York city, who died last year, the property reverting to his heirs. The cave is one of the finest and largest on the island, which is one of the caves, labarythine passages and fine specimens of stalactites and stalagmites making an interesting spot to the scientist as well as to the casual observer.

The public park was the gift of De Rivera to Putin Bay who stipulated in his will that it could never be put to any other use under penalty of its passing to his heirs. For this reason the street railway company of the island has been unable to extend its lines to the docks, as to do this they must pass across the park or run along its front, a thing that the life commissioners named pointed by De Rivera's will not permit.

Where Bryan Visited on Recent Trip

San Francisco, Cal., October, 1905.—Bids friends goodby.

Honolulu.—Few days sightseeing.

Japan.—Received by mikado and civic and military bodies. Present at reception to Admiral Togo.

Korea.—Greeted by Korean and Japanese officials.

Philippines.—Addresses Filipino assembly. Visits important sea ports and is made a Datto.

China.—Visits Shanghai, Hong Kong and Canton and makes addresses.

India.—Honors bestowed by English dignitaries, after which he visits principal cities and Straits Settlement.

Egypt.—Succession of entertainments in Cairo and Alexandria.

Palestine.—Addresses vast assemblages and makes tour of historic places.

Hungary.—In Budapest is received with highest honors.

Turkey.—Center of interest of capital.

Italy.—Period spent in quiet and sightseeing, with occasional banquet.

France.—Welcomed by foremost tribunals and called upon for several addresses.

Switzerland.—Receives highest honors of Swiss government.

Norway.—Present at coronation of King Haakon. Makes address.

Russia.—Present at session of duma in St. Petersburg. Addresses that body.

Germany.—Honored by the kaiser and highest officials.

England.—Delivers Fourth of July address. Guest of Ambassador Whitelaw Reid. Meets King Edward VII.

Holland.—Receives every attention and visits points of interest.

England.—More receptions and honors.

America.—Received by 20,000 persons.

His Analytical Mind.

"They say Hiskit has a wonderful analytical mind."

"I should say he had. You just ought to hear him explaining the jokes in the comic weekiles to that serious son of his."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FINE SILVER TABLEWARE

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED FOR TEN YEARS

"WILD ROSE," A STERLING SILVER DESIGN

WITH FRENCH GRAY FINISH

This is the best silverware offer ever made by The Blade, and every subscriber should take advantage of it.

We Offer These Goods to You in Two Ways

First—Without a subscription to The Blade. This is for the benefit of those who have just renewed their subscription:

One-half dozen Teaspoons	$1.00
One-half dozen Dessertspoons	1.50
One-half dozen Tablespoons	1.60
Sugar Shell and Butter Knife in box	.80
Berry Spoon	.90
Gravy Ladle	.85
Cold Meat Fork	.60

Second—Combination offer for the benefit of those who desire to order these goods in connection with their subscription to The Weekly Blade:

One-half dozen Teaspoons and Weekly Blade, one year	$1.10
One-half dozen Dessertspoons and Weekly Blade one year	$1.60
One-half dozen Tablespoons and Weekly Blade one year	$1.70
Sugar Shell and Butter Knife in box and Weekly Blade one year	95c
Berry Spoon and Weekly Blade one year	95c
Gravy Ladle and Weekly Blade one year	90c
Cold Meat Fork and Weekly Blade one year	65c

You have never before had an opportunity to purchase silverware, warranted for ten years, at such prices as we have named above.

SPECIAL—If you will send us 12c and the names of four or more ladies who are not now taking the Weekly Blade, we will send you one of these handsome Wild Rose Teaspoons. It makes a very pretty souvenir spoon.

THE BLADE, - - - - TOLEDO, OHIO

THE BLADE'S REVISED WATCH LIST

FOR 1905-06

WALTHAM AND ELGIN MOVEMENTS

This season The Blade offers its readers a selection of first-class watches at prices lower than ever made before, and much lower than can be purchased elsewhere. The cases are the best quality of gold filled cases made, and are fully guaranteed. The reliability and accuracy of the Waltham and Elgin movements are so well known that they need no special description from us.

If you want a thoroughly reliable watch, this is your opportunity to get one at a very low price.

The 25-year cases are plain or engine turned, an extra charge being made for hand engraved cases.

The 20-year cases are plain, engine turned, or engraved. No extra charge being made for engraved cases.

All watches are sent by registered mail, all charges prepaid by us.

The men's watches in the following list are all 18 size. The ladies' watches 6 size. We can furnish any size and any grade of Waltham and Elgin movements, and will be pleased to quote you prices.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantage of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S GOLD WATCHES.

Our prices include free delivery, in good running order.

No. 71—7-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case $13.75	No. 72—7-jeweled works, 25-year open-face case $11.00
Extra for engraved case..$1.00	Extra for engraved case, 80c
No. 73—15-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case $15.00	No. 74—15-jeweled works, 25-year open-face case $12.60
Extra for engraved case..$1.00	Extra for engraved case...80c
No. 75—7-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $11.20	No. 76—7-jeweled works, 20-year open-face case $8.75
No. 77—15-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $12.25	No. 78—15-jeweled works, 20-year open-face case $10.00

MEN'S NICKEL SILVER WATCHES.

No. 79—7-jeweled works, nickel silver, open-face case $5.30	No. 80—15-jeweled works, nickel silver, open-face case $6.75

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.

No. 81—7-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case $12.00	No. 82—15-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case $13.25
Extra for engraved case.. 80c	Extra for engraved case...80c
No. 83—7-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $10.50	No. 84—15-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $11.75

SPECIAL.

Men's Nickel Silver, open-face cases, with 7 and 15-jeweled gilt Waltham and Elgin movements.

No. 85—7-jeweled gilt $4.75	No. 86—15-jeweled gilt $5.75

Remember our goods are just exactly as represented, and if you do not find them to be so, we will refund your money.

Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Gold-Filled Collar Buttons

We offer our readers a very fine quality gold filled, solid, one piece collar button at 15c each, 2 for 25c, 6 for 70c, 12 for $1.35.

Do not wear cheap plated or bone buttons when you can get a good, reliable article such as we offer you at so low a price. THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Elegant Gold Filled Chains

We are prepared to furnish our readers any kind of a watch chain either for ladies or gentlemen. Send for our illustrated price list.

Address all orders—
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

FOR THE LADIES AND GIRLS

The O size is now the popular watch for ladies and girls. It is small enough to be worn as a Chatelaine, and is generally worn that way.

The case is 20-year, gold filled. Hunting, plain, engine turned, or engraved, and is fitted with a 7-jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement—

Our price is $11.75
only .....

If you wish to give your wife, daughter or sister a handsome Xmas present, give her one of these watches.

Get your order in early.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

SHIRT SETS

This set consists of four fine quality gold filled buttons with inlaid pearl backs. The set has one back and one front collar button and two sleeve buttons. It makes a handsome set of buttons, and being of fine quality, will last for years. Our price per set to Blade readers 45c

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Cut Paper Patterns

PARIS PATTERNS.

The cut paper patterns now offered to our readers are furnished by the Paris Modes Co., of New York, and are the best, latest and most perfect patterns offered by any newspaper using cut paper patterns.

These patterns provide for the allowance of all seams; are easy, simple and practical to use, and perfect in fit. If the correct size is selected, a garment may be cut and made to fit perfectly without any alteration.

These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust mensure also.
Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered. Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

Misses' and Girls' Nightgown—Loose or in Empire Effect, and with High or Square Neck and Bishop Sleeves—Paris Pattern No. 1537—All Seams Allowed.

Two pretty styles of nightgown may be developed by this pattern, one loose, and the other gathered in under a row of ribbon-run beading in short-waist Empire effect. The neck may be high or square

and the sleeevs may be in full-length bishop style or in elbow length with pretty flaring frills.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—7 to 17 years. For a miss of 11 years, the nightgown needs 6⅝ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or 5 yards 36 inches wide. As illustrated, 1¼ yard of insertion will be needed for low-necked yoke, and 1⅜ yard of beading and 5 yards of ribbon to trim.

Price of Pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist—With Fancy Yoke and Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves—Paris Pattern No. 1516—All Seams Allowed.

A beautiful model for a lingerie, silk or soft woolen waist is here portrayed developed in rose-colored chiffon taffeta with all-over lace in a rich design for the Pompadour yoke and dull silver buttons and a pretty novelty braid with glistening silver threads for trimming. The yoke in front is an odd, fanciful shape while at the back it is plain; and the waist is stitched in short tucks on the shoulders

and where it joins the lower edge of the yoke.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the waist needs 3¾ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 2⅝ yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅞ yards 42 inches wide. As illustrated, ⅝ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide will be needed for the yoke, and 4 yards of braid to trim.

Price of Pattern, 10 cents.

Girls' Box Coat—In Seven-Eighths Length with Applied Plaits—Paris Pattern No. 1529.—All Seams Allowed.

A stunning little box-coat in the popular seven-eighths length is here shown developed in covert cloth. These coats are always strictly tailored, and the collar, cuffs and lapels may have inlays of velvet, if desired. Large patch pockets are on the front below the belt, and their

pointed laps and the belt, too, may have inlays of velvet to match the other parts.

The pattern is in 4 sizes—6 to 12 years. For a girl of 10 years, the coat requires 4½ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 3⅜ yards 36 inches wide, or 2⅝ yards 54 inches wide.

Price of Pattern, 10 cents.

Misses' Box Coat—In Seven-Eighths Length, with Center Back Seam—Paris Pattern No. 1517—All Seams Allowed.

For school or general street wear, this is an exceedingly smart coat. It is in the modish seven-eighths length, with double-breasted fronts, and a graceful loose back made with a center seam. Its smart

shawl collar may be turned up in stormy weather or the coat may be closed to the throat.

The pattern is in 3 sizes—13 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years, the coat requires 6 yards of material 27 inches wide, or 3 yards 54 inches wide.

Price of Pattern, 10 cents.

Girls' Plaited Russian Dress—Closed at Center of Back, and with Detached Sailor Collar—Paris Pattern No. 1523—All Seams Allowed.

The one-piece dress in Russian style is very popular for the younger girl and is developed in tub goods for all-winter wear, and also in a number of pretty

woolen materials. The illustration shows the most attractive model for this style of dress. The closing is not in evidence, but is made at the center of the back. The pretty sailor collar, being detached, may be made up in several ways to produce different effects on the same dress.

The pattern is in 4 sizes—6 to 12 years. For a girl of 8 years, the dress requires 6¼ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or 3⅝ yards 36 inches wide, or 3 yards 44 inches wide; each with ½ yard of contrasting material 27 inches wide for the sailor collar.

Price of Pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Waist, with Long or Elbow Sleeves, a Removable Chemisette, and Body and Sleeve Lining—Paris Pattern No. 1514—All Seams Allowed.

This smart model will be used for waists to match tailormades as well as for independent waists. It is made with a fitted lining and has splendid possibilities for some decidedly novel effects in combinations and decorations. Silk matching the cloth in color is much favored for waists this season.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the waist needs 3½ yards of material 20 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide, or 1¾ yards 42 inches wide. As illustarted, ⅞ yard of

all-over lace 18 inches wide is needed for chemisette and for facing reevrs, 2 yards of silk 20 inches wide for the tie, girdle and cuffs, and 1½ yards of plaiting to trim.

Price of Pattern, 10 cents.

UNCLE SAM RELENTED

Hebrew Orphans From Russia Admitted to United States.

Washington, Aug. 29.—"Land Saran Periman, aged 34, and twenty-eight children."

This was the text of a laconic telegram which was sent last evening by Acting Secretary Lawrence O. Murray, of the department of commerce and labor, to Acting Immigration Commissioner Murray at New York. On the face of it the telegram was peculiar, particularly as Sarah Periman has the prefix "Miss" attached to her name.

The dispatch had reference to twenty-eight Jewish children who have been brought to this country from Russia to be given homes by the United Hebrew societies.

Several days ago Miss Sarah Perlman arrived at Ellis Island in charge of thirty of the children, ranging in age from five to twenty years. Under the law, the board of inquiry was obliged to recommend their deportation as paupers. The case was brought to the attention of the immigration authorities in Washington on appeal. It was shown that every one of the children had been guaranteed a good home and solicitous care and assurance was given that none of them would become public charges.

On the statement made the children were admitted to the country.

MANILA A FREE PORT

Navigation Laws of U. S. Extended to EasternPossessions.

Washington, Sept. 3.—The navigation laws of the United States have been extended to the Philippine Islands. The governor general has advised the bureau of insular affairs that on August 31 the Philippine commission passed an act abolishing all tonnage and navigation duties, to take effect immediately.

By this act of the Philippine commission, Manila becomes in fact the only free port, in so far as tonnage and navigation duties are concerned, in the orient.

The vessels benefited by this will be those from the United States and other places remote from the Philippine islands, which in general had to pay 6 cents per ton.

The income to the Philippine government from the above source, which is by this act given up for the future, was between $60,000 and $70,000.

NEW I. C. COMMISSIONER

E. E. Clark Begins the Duties of His New Position.

Washington, Aug. 29.—Commissioner E. E. Clark, who recently was appointed by the President as a member of the interstate commerce commission under the new law, has arrived in Washington. He did not appear at the morning hearing of the commission, but after the intermission of the hearing for luncheon, he sat with the commission. He took the oath of office about two weeks ago at his home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Under authority of his commission he undertook the duties of his new position yesterday. He sat with the commission

E. E. CLARK.

only a short time, as the hearing lasted only a brief time after the recess. Subsequently he was in conference with other members of the commission in the office of Chairman Knapp.

SNOW FELL IN CRIPPLE CREEK, COL.

Cripple Creek, Col., Aug. 31.—Snow and hail fell at intervals here yesterday, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. The darkness was so dense that lights were necessary in offices and houses.

MUST NOT BE DECEIVED

Specific Labels Must Be Placed Upon Canned Meat Products.

Washington, Aug. 31.—Nothing short of the placing upon meat products of labels which will not deceive the public was the ultimatum which Secretary Wilson delivered to forty representatives of various packing houses who met here yesterday afternoon.

Hereafter if the packers want their goods accepted for interstate shipment, they must bear labels more specific than those used in the past. It will not do, for instance, to state merely that a package contains sausage. The label must distinctly describe the article and plainly show that the sausage is made entirely of pork, of pork and beef combined, or of other ingredients. The same rule will apply to other products. The elimination of certain advertising features on the labels also will be insisted upon.

The packers were particularly solicitous regarding the meat products already put up and held in stock, but Secretary Wilson assured them it was not his intention to open every package, but to select a certain percentage of them, and if they were found to be as represented, he would authorize the issuance of labels for the entire lot certifying that it had been inspected and had met the requirements of the law.

In administering the law Secretary Wilson said last night that he would apply the principle of common sense, and that it was not his intention to be hypercritical or to impose any unnecessary hardships upon the packers. Further conference with the packers will continue today.

MAY GO ON THE STAGE

Daughter of Secretary May Follow Footlights.

Washington, Sept. 1.—Various reports have ben heard in Washington that Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of Secretary Wilson, intended to go upon the stage. She is now in Europe, but expects soon to return to the United States. Secretary Wilson made no comment whatever on the reports.

WAS DISCOVERED IN TIME

Infernal Machine Found in Hold of Steamer.

Philadelphia, Aug. 30.—An infernal machine was discovered in the hold of the steamer Eagle Point as the vessel lay in the Delaware river at the Philadelphia & Reading grain elevator.

The steamer was saved from destruction by a fraction of a second as the bomb exploded as it touched the water after being thrown overboard.

The Eagle Point is one of the vessels of the Philadelphia Transatlantic line and plies between this city and London.

The infernal machine, which endangered the lives of Captain Robertson and a crew of 30 men, was discovered in the after hold by Sylvester Trevano, a stevedore. He carried it to the captain who threw it into the river. As it sank it exploded, sending a column of water 50 feet into the air.

It is hinted that a former member of the crew, who thought he had a grievance against Captain Robertson, placed the bomb on board the vessel.

INVESTIGATION ORDERED

Roosevelt Home Club to Be Looked Into.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 31.—The Roosevelt Home club of New York city is to be investigated by the post-office department at the express request of President Roosevelt, with a view of issuing a fraud order against it. Postmaster General Cortelyou was given instructions while at Sagamore Hill to take the matter up immediately.

The object of the club as set forth in a circular issued August 24 by Roderick Bett, who signs himself as president of the club, is to solicit funds for the purchase of the house at No. 208 East Twentieth street, New York city, where President Roosevelt was born. Some time ago a similar movement was started, but it was discouraged by the President, who was given assurance that the matter would be dropped. The last circular indicates that another effort is to be made to carry out the plan. It was ascertained that 50 per cent. of the contributions received were to go towards maintaining the club. It is on this ground that the President believes that a fraud order will lie.

SPEECH WAS RULED OUT

Ex-Gov. Garvin Barred at the Bryan Meeting.

New Haven, Aug. 31.—Ex-Governor Garvin, of Rhode Island, was scheduled to make a speech at the Bryan meeting here this afternoon, but when the committee in charge saw a copy of the speech they decided that it was too strongly political for the occasion and ruled it out.

"CORRESPONDENCE" BRIDE

Mob of Curious People were at Depot to Greet Her.

Janesville, Wis., Sept. 1.—Miss Eliza Kent, of Fort Atkinson, Wis., a prospective "correspondence bride," was mobbed by a curious crowd at the railroad station when she arrived to marry Robert Miller, who advertised for a wife.

Miller confided in a few friends, with strict injunctions to secrecy, but when he arrived at the station the trainshed was crowded and the street blocked with people gathered to see the young woman.

Miss Kent, displaying a red rose for identification, was the first passenger to alight from the train, but evidently she was not pleased with Miller's appearance, for she backed away from him, and then attempted to escape by running from the building.

The crowd started in pursuit. The chase continued for six blocks, until Miss Kent took refuge in a stranger's home, and the police dispersed the mob. Miller's employer discharged him.

JAP POACHERS ARRESTED

Five Taken Into Custody by Government Agent.

Seattle, Sept. 3.—Five Japanese have been arrested at St. George's island, one of the Pribyloff group, by the government agent, accused of poaching seals. A Japanese schooner dropped anchor within the three-mile limit and sent a man ashore, evidently to reconnoiter the ground.

When the Japanese sailor was questioned he said that the schooner had called for water. The government resident agent demanded to see the schooner's captain, and when the latter came ashore with four men, all were arrested as poachers.

CONSERVATIVES DISMAYED

Public Ownership of Railroads the Keynote.

POLICY FOR DEMOCRATS ACCORDING TO BRYAN.

Public ownership of the railroads; the election of United States senators by the people; regulation of trusts by the government; a universal eight-hour day; settlement of all international disputes by arbitration rather than by resorting to force, and revision of the tariff.

New York, Aug. 31. — Hailed as America's greatest and most distinguished private citizen, William J. Bryan made his second invasion of what he was once pleased to term "the enemy's country," but instead of being met with efforts to repel him, he was received with open arms and greeted with protestations of affection and admiration.

The demonstration accorded him was not as great as the one given Admiral Dewey eight years ago, but it bears comparison with that display of the heroworshiping spirit of the American people, and it was all that his friends had hoped for.

In Madison Square Garden last night Mr. Bryan sounded the keynote of his third campaign for the presidency and gave the Democrats who will march under his banner a battlecry for the struggle of the next two years—death to private monopoly and public ownership of the railroads.

To the delight of the radicals in the Democratic party the Nebraskan proved himself to be in truth more of a radical than he was a decade ago, in the first battle.

Throws Away His Chance.

To the dismay of the conservatives, and against their most earnest counsels, he fulfilled their worst fears, and in their opinion threw away the best chance he ever has had to attain his ambition to be President, and at the same time ruined the Democratic party. Mr. Bryan indicated clearly that he realized the seriousness of the position he was assuming before the American people. He approached the subject with diffidence, almost apologetically at first, but once he was fairly launched upon it he courageously burned his bridges behind him and went even farther into the emphasis with which he stated his views than he went in the prepared speech which he had given to the press.

"I do not know what the people of this country think on the question of government ownership of railroads," he said. "I do not know what the Democratic party think on that question. But I do know that it is not necessary for a man to call a mass convention in order to find out what he thinks on any subject. I have reached the conclusion that there will be no permanent relief from the evils in the railroad situation until the railroads are owned by the government for the people. I believe in the federal ownership of all trunk lines and in the state ownership of all the other railroads."

A moment later Mr. Bryan added:

"I could not enter upon a discussion of the railroad question without in all frankness stating what I believe and all I believe. Therefore, I have said what I have said."

Three Cheers for Socialism.

The die was cast. The crowd seemed to be with Mr. Bryan, for the demonstration that greeted his utterances on this subject was by long odds the greatest accorded anything he had to say. In fact, the audience seemed disposed to "see" Mr. Bryan and "go him one better," for one enthusiast shouted: "Three cheers for socialism," and while there were hisses in response, there was also considerable applause.

"My friends," said Mr. Bryan, when quiet was restored. "I have no objection to a man's cheering for socialism. The Socialist, as a rule, is an honest man. I believe that he is a mistaken man, but you must meet him with argument and not with abuse."

The advanced position taken by Mr. Bryan on the railroad question has caused no end of a sensation, although it was not entirely unexpected, and it is generally recognized that it places an entirely new aspect on the 1908 presidential election.

As the guest of the Commercial Travelers' Anti-Trust League, Mr. Bryan was greeted by more than 20,000 persons, who filled the great structure from floor to upper gallery. At the same time the streets and avenues outside the garden were choked for blocks by other thousands who stood patiently for hours for the privilege of even a fleeting glance at the distinguished visitor. The interior of the garden was a waving sea of color. Every person in the audience had been provided with a miniature American flag and every cheer from 20,000 throats was accentuated by the waving of 20,000 tiny staffs bearing the stars and stripes.

WEDS OLD SWEETHEART

Love Lifts Age Bar When 81 Marries 60.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 1.—Eighty-one-year-old Lee M. Smith, of Denver, Col., and 60-year-old Miss Luella Cook, of Factoryville, near this place, were married in the office of the marriage license clerk by Alderman Perkins.

The wedding is a culmination of a romance which began when they were young folks and Smith was a resident of this city.

They knew and liked each other very well then, but the difference in their ages at that time seemed so great that they did not think of marrying.

Smith went west thirty-one years ago, and has prospered. Recently he began to long for a partner to share the remainder of his life. He came east, found Miss Cook still unmarried and was accepted after a short courtship.

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BOY BUILDING

Right Food Makes Fine Boys.

Many people have questioned the truthfulness of the statement that the brain can be really nourished and built up from some particular kind of food.

Experience is better than any kind of theory.

The wife of a prominent legislator in Kentucky says: "A woman of my acquaintance was in a badly run-down condition at the time she became a mother, and at three months of age the child was a mite of humanity pitiful to look upon, with no more brain development than a monkey.

"About the time I speak of when the child was three months old the mother began feeding him Grape-Nuts.

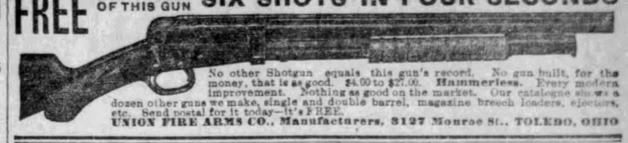
"In ten days it was plain that a change was taking place and in a few weeks the boy became rosy, healthy and rounded out.

"He is now five years old and his food this entire time has been Grape-Nuts and cream. He seldom ever takes any other kind of food.

"It is a splendid illustration of the fact that selected food can produce results, for this boy is perfectly formed, has a beautiful body and arms and legs of a young athlete, while his head and brain development appears perfect, and he is as bright and intelligent as can be.

"I cannot comprehend a better illustration of the truth of the claim made for Grape-Nuts, that it is a brain and body builder." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

FREE BOOK TELLS OF THIS GUN **SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS**



No other Shotgun equals this gun's record. No gun built, for the money, that is as good. $4.00 to $7.00. Hammerless. Every modern improvement. Nothing as good on the market. Our catalogue shows a dozen other guns we make, single and double barrel, magazine breech loaders, ejectors, etc. Send postal for it today—it's FREE.

UNION FIRE ARMS CO., Manufacturers, 3127 Monroe St., TOLEDO, OHIO

UPHOLDS THE DIRECTORS

Bishop M'Cabe Wants Insurance Officials Endorsed.

New York, Sept. 3.—Bishop Charles C. McCabe, of the Methodist Episcopal church, one of the most distinguished churchmen in America and a prominent member of the International Policy Holders' committee, has written to Alton B. Parker frankly declaring himself out of sympathy with the com-

BISHOP M'CABE.

mittee's apaprent purposes and methods.

Bishop McCabe protests against "the intemperate and vituperative language in which our alleged opinions are constantly set forth by the spokesman of the committee. He says he has carefully investigated the present management of the Mutual and New York Life Insurance companies and urges that the International committee indorse the administration tickets named by those companies.

WIFE OBEYED THE JUDGE

Gives Husband Good Thrashing and a Black Eye.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—Mrs. Emma Belfield, of Shermerville, complained to Justice Mason Francis that her husband, Harry Belfield, had been cruel to her so long that she could stand it no longer.

The judicial brow knitted in thought. A bailiff handed over the code, but the modern Daniel waved it aside.

"Madam," said the justice, "take your husband into the next room and give him the best threshing he ever had in his life. Perhaps the shame of it will make him think twice before he strikes you again."

Mrs. Belfield trembled. Belfield trembled also. She looked up and the judge pointed to his private chamber. Mrs. Belfield led the way and her spouse followed meekly after her. Officers stood guard outside the door.

In a minute there were large doings in that room. The racket shook the building. When the door was opened the Belfields came forth, the wife with a smile of triumph on her face and the husband nursing a blue eye. She went home. Her husband followed.

WILL ASK FOR $10,000

Family of Gen. Lee Seeks Remuneration for His Services.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 1.—It is understood that the family of General Fitzhugh Lee will request the Jamestown Exposition company to pay them a sum approximating $10,000 for services rendered by General Lee as president of the exposition company.

General Lee, who was president of the company at the time of his death, had never had his salary fixed and received only nominal compensation while he was at the head of the exposition company.

President Tucker's salary was fixed at $10,000 a year, and this may form the basis of the request.

LOVE CHANGED IN 10 YEARS

Girl Comes From Finland to U. S. but Refused to Wed.

Spokane, Wash., Sept. 3.—After working nine years in America to prepare a home for his sweetheart, Gus Calins, a silver miner, provided a ticket and trousseau, sent them to her at Byombrog, Finland, and expectantly awaited her arrival. The long-plighted Mary Mayanen arrived last week, and was clasped in Gus's arms. But when she took a second look, Mary turned back.

"You are terribly changed," she said. "You're an old man now. I'm only twenty-nine."

"I know I have changed," Gus replied, "but I'm ten years older, and my love has increased with the years. To me you look sweeter than the day I left."

After much persuasion Gus induced Mary to accompany him to the county clerk's office, where they obtained a marriage license. For the next five days Gus strove in vain to induce the girl to marry him, and in the end released her from her promise and restored the license to the county clerk.

DEMMYS SPENDING MONEY

N. Y. Governorship Nomination to Be An Expensive Luxury.

New York, Sept. 3.—Men close to William B. Hearst estimate that the expenses of the campaign for the nomination for governor will be approximately $1,000,000. His opponents are willing to spend as much as that to beat him. Evidences are multiplying that the conservative Democrats under the lead of Jerome and Osborn, will match every dollar put up by Mr. Hearst with one of their own. The Jerome men are confident of winning the opening rounds at the state convention because of their control of the state committee.

The Democratic state committee has the appointment of temporary chairman of the committee and the temporary chairman appoints the committee on credentials. It is understood that the conservatives, through the credentials committee, will hold that the delegates instructed for Hearst have no standing in a Democratic convention because of the fact that Hearst is the candidate of an organization hostile to the regular Democracy.

DIED IN A COURT ROOM

Edward Rosewater, of Omaha, Dies of Heart Failure.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 31. — Edward Rosewater, proprietor and editor of the Omaha Bee, and identified with political, financial and business affairs of Omaha and the state of Nebraska for 40 years, was found dead in a district court room on the third floor of the Bee building early today. It is supposed that Mr. Rosewater sat down on a bench in the court room, fell asleep and died of heart failure.

Mr. Rosewater went to Waterloo, Neb., Thursday afternoon, where he made a speech at a Republican political meeting. He reached Omaha on his return at 7 p. m. and went direct to his office in the Bee building. He is known to have been in his office during the evening, but was not seen by members of his family after returning from Waterloo.

It was the habit of Mr. Rosewater to go to different parts of the building at his pleasure, and it is presumed he stepped into the large court room and sat down on one of the benches for a minute's repose and fell asleep.

Judge Troup, who presides over the court, found the body when he arrived at the court room this morning. The body was sitting in an easy posture and was leaning against a radiator. Mr. Rosewater's head was resting on his arm, which he had extended across the end of the bench on which he sat.

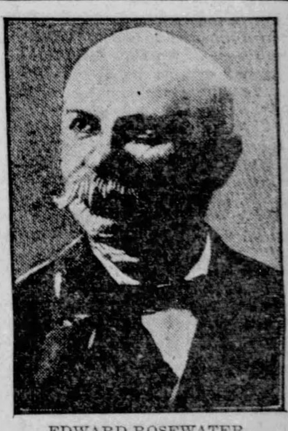
In his right hand he held a handkerchief.

Wife Left Light Burning.

Mrs. Rosewater had left a light burning last night at the family home, directly in the rear of the Bee building, anticipating that her husband would be home during the evening. When he did not appear she notified Chief of Police Donahue. Nothing was done in the way of search, however, as it was not uncommon for the veteran editor to be detained late at night at his office.

The death of Mr. Rosewater, coming thus suddenly, was a great shock to the people of Omaha, who learned of it through extra editions.

Edward Rosewater, founder and editor since 1871 of the Omaha Bee, was born at Buqovan, Bohemia, in 1841. He came to the United States in 1854 and began work as a telegraph oper-



EDWARD ROSEWATER.

ator when 18 years old. From 1861 to 1863 he was a member of the United States military telegraph corps, and in the latter year became manager of Pacific Telegraph company at Omaha. He was at various times member of the Nebraska legislature, member of the Republican national committee, member of the advisory board of the national committee, member of the United States mint commission and representative of the United States to the universal postal congress, of which he was vice president. He was the original promoter of the trans-Mississippi exposition held at Omaha in 1898. He was a candidate for the United States senate before the recent Republican state convention at Lincoln.

Wanted a Quick Death.

Dr. Charles Rosewater, brother of the dead editor, said to the Associated Press that Mr. Rosewater had often expressed a wish that when death came it would be quick and painless.

Dr. Rosewater attributed the sudden death of his brother to excitement attendant on a long campaign in which Mr. Rosewater was a candidate for the nomination for United States senator by the Nebraska state convention. The convention was held August 22, and Mr. Rosewater, unanimously supported by the delegation from Douglas (Omaha) county, was a figure at that gathering. His chief opponent was Norris Brown.

After the ballot which nominated Mr. Brown, Mr. Rosewater showed some evidence of physical weakness, but revived quickly and addressed the convention, thanking his friends for their support and pledging himself to the support of Mr. Brown and the state ticket. Later he announced, through the columns of his paper, the Omaha Bee, that he was out of the senatorial race.

HIS BEDFELLOW A BAT

Man Lost Some Blood Before Visitor Was Slain.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 3.—J. M. Burdick, of New Britain, was awakened before daylight while in bed in his home. Feeling a sharp pain on his hip, he put his hand down and some creature struggled away. Then he heard the flapping of wings as it flew about his head. He withdrew his hand, which was covered with blood.

Lighting a lamp, he saw a huge black bat crouching in a corner. With vivid recollections of the Tales of the Vampire, Mr. Burdick seized a slat from his bed and dispatched the intruder. Though he lost much blood, Mr. Burdick has experienced no ill effects from the bite of his nocturnal visitor.

Stomach Trouble Cured

Send No Money

The Bello-Capso Pad Treatment Sent on Approval.

Many cured, satisfied patients are convincing proofs of the successful methods of the Hays Pad Co. to effect cures for stomach troubles. No money required to commence the Bello-Capso Stomach Pad Treatment. If you have Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sour Stomach, Distress after eating, Sick Headache, etc., send for our six day treatment—you may have it in your own hands—try it—test it—and be convinced of its merit before spending one penny. The Bello-Capso Pad treatment cures where medicine alone fails. Send no money, only your name and address. If satisfied with the six day treatment, send 50c—if not, send nothing. You decide, before. Hasen A. Horton, M47, Dept. 56, Tekonsha, Mich.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

JENNINGS

EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR

Keynotes of Harmony

WEDNESDAY.

Be great enough to acknowledge your faults, and be still greater to correct them and let them remain corrected throughout the remainder of your life. By such conquest you will become the conqueror of every obstacle in your way to success and genuine happiness.

THURSDAY.

Only by your deeds will you be measured. If your deeds are great you will be estimated as being great.

FRIDAY.

If you hunger for praise, then hunger to become worthy of it. Remember that the world only praises those who earn it by their self-sacrifice of time and money for the welfare of their fellow-men.

SATURDAY.

To secure prosperity and happiness, it is the bounden duty of every one to govern himself well and thus be able to govern his affairs wisely and to a good purpose.

SUNDAY.

Have faith in God's help and everlasting grace; have faith in your efforts for an honorable maintenance; have faith in humanity. Back that faith with honest, concentrated work to better your condition and the condition of those near and dear to you.

MONDAY.

Lament not that you are poor in worldly possessions, as long as you are rich in the practice of righteousness.

TUESDAY.

It goes without saying that nothing truly great can be accomplished without soulful effort. Be up and doing with your whole power, so abundantly vested in you for noble achievements.

—The Monitor Magazine.

Two Life Records Which Are Full of Inspiration

EMILY S. BOUTON

His face had that beauty which comes from a lifetime of love for men.
There is no other beauty equal to it.
There is no other or shorter process for achieving it.
It is a growth as slow and inevitable and satisfying as that of an oak.
It defies all hypocrisy and imitation.
It is the last touch of the finger of God in the creation of man.

—Ernest Crosby.

These lines in description of a man who had led a life full of devotion to his fellow men, apply equally well to all men and women who, with never-failing self-sacrifice, with labor unceasing, prompted by that great love which makes them see in every human being a child of the Father equally with themselves, do likewise. Scattered all along the years we find them, simple, earnest, unpretending souls, doing the work which, told of later in song and story, seems a wonderful accomplishment for any human being. We may sometime have watched such as these, and marveled at the light and beauty visible at times in their faces, unknowing that it was the mark of their "unselfed love" and labor for others.

Recently the life records of two women have been spread before the public, and their reading, I am sure, have given a marked uplift and inspiration. One has been appearing from week to week in Jenkin Lloyd Jones' paper, Unity. It tells of Mother Bickerdyke, a name dear to every old soldier's heart, and which should be held in reverence by all who love their country and who recognize the splendor of her devotion to those who were fighting to keep it in wholeness and unity.

If ever anyone expressed love "in terms of human helpfulness" it was surely this one who went out from her home and away from the children so dear to her mother's heart, to give service where she felt it was so sorely needed.

She could not have accomplished what she did had she not been a woman of strong character. Her influence over people, her control over circumstances, was marvelous. Concerning this her son wrote of her:

"She never failed in anything but for herself. For herself was never in existence—not in the smallest matter. I have never seen anything like it, and it is hard to make people understand that such did exist. Mother's work for others and her influence with the good people in making them give for others will never be known only by those who gave and assisted her in her work. The same influence was at work with all the famous and great military leaders during and after the war. I know this, for I was with her and saw and heard for myself. 'It is hard to get one to exceed his authority for the good of others,' they would say (those great generals and heads of departments), 'but we will do it, Mother Bickerdyke, for you never fail, and we know, from somewhere, you will make it all right,—and she did. I have often thought she was inspired, as she seemingly came up against some great wall, forbidding farther progress, but like a flash all seemed to move out of the way."

This power, this influence, came from what I have often urged as the key to success, a single concentrated purpose, and hers was to help her "boys," as she called the soldiers. Everything gave way before her. She did not know fear, and to do what she deemed a duty she would unflinchingly face the greatest perils. And when she demanded a necessary service from others, there was something so compelling in her manner that none could refuse. Her own deep, unshaken faith in humanity was reflected upon all with whom she came in contact, and was, perhaps, a part of her power.

It is well to keep "memories" of such a woman before us, a woman of whom her biographer writes: "The primal duties were ever before her — shining clear and steadfast—in life's sky, and she went from service to service, from love to love, steadfast, earnest and true." In contemplating a record like hers, the little everyday affairs that sometimes seem so important fade into insignificance, and the true meaning of life grows clearer to our vision.

The other story recently told which thrills us with admiration for its heroine is that in Everybody's Magazine concerning the woman who is known in New Orleans as "Our First Citizen." Sophie Wright was born just at the close of the war in which Mother Bickerdyke did such splendid service. She came into the world when her father and mother were reduced from luxury to an almost hopeless poverty. Crippled by a fall when but three years old, hobbling on crutches to school when nine, opening a school for children when but fourteen, putting all pain, all suffering away as if they were not, her whole life up to the present, is a wonderful example of saintly patience, brave endurance, and buoyant and never-failing energy. To read the record is to make one ashamed of ever becoming discouraged in any right undertaking, however clouded the outlook may be.

The rental of what this one gentle, refined, crippled woman has accomplished for the good of others seems like a fairy story, but we know it is truth. Without money, she has built and carried on schools, first for girls, then for crippled children, and finally for the poor boys of New Orleans, who throng to her at night after their day's tasks are done, to be taught how to make life a better thing than in the present. The night school grew from one earnest youth to hundreds upon hundreds, and many turned away for lack of room. Let me quote from this eloquent record:

And all through New Orleans, whereever apprentices foregathered, there was talk of the wonderful school at Miss Sophie's. When the whistles blew at night the procession headed toward her house from every direction, hundreds coming from workshop to classroom without delaying for supper. Men and boys walked five and six miles to attend; from the edge of St. Bernard parish and the plains of Chalmeth, from the upper edge of Gretna, from Southport and the limits of Carollton, they came on foot and went on foot, in orderly, good behaviour, for the honor of Miss Sophie's school.

Like Mother Bickerdyke, Sophie Wright labors without thought of reward. She spends herself in loving service for others wherever there is opportunity, and to such as she opportunities are always drawing near. New Orleans holds here in affectionate reverence, and last year and this it has been demonstrated in a public way. Readers of the Woman's Journal will remember the description of the presentation of a silver

MISS SOPHIE WRIGHT.

—Everybody's Magazine.

loving cup to her for having done the greatest service to the community during 1905. It was then that she had finished the struggle for the cripples' home. With the beautiful cup the sum of $10,000 was given "to lift the mortgage" from that institution.

Why have I brought the stories of these two lives together in this column today?

Because they are full of inspiration for all who seek to help humanity. Utterly unlike in person, temperament and character, these women are yet alike in their devotion to the good of others. One found her work upon fields of battle and in hospitals with wounded and dying soldiers; the other in times of peace sought to help the poor, the crippled in mind and body, to help themselves. They were alike n holding fast to a lofty purpose, and alike in unwavering effort to carry that purpose into successful achievement. Death closed the outward work of one seven years ago; that of the other is still going on to further fruition.

The Cozy Corner

COMMON THINGS.

(Written for The Blade.)

Don't crush the common flowers
That bloom about your feet,
Less fair than costly blossoms,
They're often quite as sweet.

Don't think because you pass them
Unnoticed, day by day,
They do not help you onward
Or cheer a weary way.

Don't think because they blossom
In roadside heat and dust,
They're never hurt when trodden
By careless passing feet.

Don't scorn the common loves
Along the common road,
Nor think they never help you
To bear life's heavy loads.

Don't think, because in silence,
They lend their patient aid,
They'd feel no thrill of pleasure
If some return were made.

Don't deem that little duty
Too common to be done
With all the patient care
You'd give a nobler one.

Don't think "it doesn't matter"
Because your deeds are small.
To the sad hearts around you
They may be all in all.

Don't think because they win you
No hero's crown of bay
They will not shine as jewels
In God's great crowning day.

KATIE LEE JOHNSON.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR "WILL AND ADDIE."

Having read two letters of sympathy for "Will and Addie," I will now tell them my experience.

With only 1½ acres of land, with buildings on it, I expect to clear at least $150 this summer by raising garden truck, from the earliest to the latest. I have a family of four to support. If I had 30 acres, like Will and Addie, I could clear $1,500 with very little outlay of money. The idea is to have something to sell the year around—apples, potatoes, milk, eggs, chickens and butter, in winter; garden truck, eggs, broilers and berries in summer. My garden seeds will not cost me more than 60 cents, as I raise most of the seed myself. I will have at least 20,000 cucumbers for pickles, which I am now selling at 25 cents a hundred; the first lot of sweet corn brought us $12, and we have four more lots coming on.

My advice to these young people—and any others who wish to try farming—is to sow celery seed in the spring; sell most of the plants and keep some for themselves; raise tomato and cabbage plants in the same way; have beets and onions, and as soon as one crop is done, plant the ground with a later crop of something. If they can get berries—straw, black, or raspberries—they will find them a paying crop. Sweet corn and green peas planted at different times will give good results.

Of course no one can tell another just exactly what they had best do, but this is our experience, and if "Will and Addie" try our plan, or any other, I hope they will report in a year's time as to results.—E. H., Pennsylvania.

ASKS FOR SPIRITUAL AID.

I am encompassed with great trouble on every side; I know the Lord will hear and answer faithful prayer, and I ask that every Christian reader of The Blade will pray for my relief from the troubles that beset me, that they may be removed and I may be able to rejoice again.—Mrs. C.

RECALLED OLD TIMES.

As I lived at one time in Pennsylvania, I am interested in all letters from that state, and when I read the one by "Pennsylvania Girl" in the M. G. R., I remembered with pleasure the days when I used to hear a dear friend—now no more—sing the "Alfaretta" song referred to.

That was when the song was first written, in 1848. We thought it was a very sweet and affecting song, and so it was, when sung by one we loved. I thank the "Pennsylvania Girl" for having mentioned it and so recalled the pleasant memories of long ago.—Mrs. Larned.

WOULD LIKE FURTHER INFORMATION.

I read with great interest the article in The Blade about the "Hay Box" for hot weather cooking, but do not quite understand how to prepare the box, or the food to be cooked in it. Will the sister who used the box please tell me? Do the vegetables and other articles to be cooked in this box need any preparatory cooking, and how much? I am sure we would all like to try any way of lessening the hard work of summer cooking.—"E. H. M."

Will some one tell me—at once—how to preserve, or otherwise use husk tomatoes? Mine are ripening fast and I would be obliged if some one would tell me how to use them. —C. S. B.

APPETIZERS.

Flower Salad.

Boil three dark red beets, three pink beets and two small white turnips. When cold serve arranged on a platter as follows:

Around the edge of the platter place a row of feathery parsley leaves, then a row of slices of the dark red beets, each slice overlapping the next to it; on these pour a plain mayonnaise dressing. Then place a similar row of the pink beets with whipped cream in the dressing to tone down the color; inside this row, place a row of slices of the turnip cut in very thin slices and fill in the center of the platter with the yolk of a hard boiled egg, riced. If more gren is desired, the very small leaves of celery may be inserted between the rows of vegetables. This makes a beautiful looking dish and tastes as well as it looks.

Artichoke Salad.

Prepare the artichokes as for a vegetable course, remove the leaves and chop the hearts very fine. For each four hearts chop one hard boiled egg, four small sweet pickles, with a little salt and paprika. Mix thoroughly and serve with a cream mayonnaise.

Breakfast Rolls.

Boil two sausages for three minutes, cool them and remove the skins, or an equal amount of sausage meat in bulk may be prepared in the same manner. Have ready a good biscuit dough, roll thin and cut in squares and on each square lay a portion of the sausage meat, turn the edges together and bake in a quick oven until the biscuit is done. Serve hot.

HELPFUL HINTS.

When you go into camp for your vacation do not forget to take with you a piece of mosquito netting to hang in the openings of your tent. Without this a few mosquitoes will spoil all the comfort you gain from the outing.

Don't forget to carry with you a box covered with very fine wire netting in which you can pack food and hang it in a cool place where the ants cannot get it.

Don't forget a bottle of ammonia, a tin of baking soda and some vaseline for the stings and bruises you will doubtless encounter.

Don't forget to make a list of the things you need and have forgotten to bring, so you will have it ready for next summer.

Don't forget to carry a large square of oilcloth to place on the ground under the bed, for however romantic it may sound to say you slept on pine branches or the velvety turf, it is much less conducive to stiff limbs in the morning and rheumatism in the future to have an oilcloth between the mattress and the ground.

In traveling it is well to have some mark on your trunks so they may be quickly identified in a pile of baggage at transfer depots. A diagonal mark of white paint on each face of the trunk can be seen at a distance and the trunk bearing it quickly reached. It also prevents any enterprising traveler from taking your baggage by one of the "mistakes" that sometimes occur, as the trunk bearing such a mark is too noticeable and easily identified to take any dishonest risks upon.

A very effective scarecrow was made by fastening small tins by strings to the branches of trees, allowing them to hang near enough together to hit each other with the slightest breeze. At first the glitter of the tin was sufficient to keep the birds away, but as they grew bolder and would fly into the trees, the wind or the weight of their bodies on the branches would set the tins to jingling and the birds would leave. It was amusing to watch them as they would light somewhere in the neighborhood of the cherry trees and talk the matter over. The robins were especially indignant about it and scolded in great style, but did not trouble the fruit.

For a curtain for a closet door, take one width of cretonne three-fourths as long as the doorway; to the bottom of this sew a flounce of the same cloth made one and a half widths wide. This will look better than the scant, one-width curtain, and better, also, than to have two full widths in a curtain for an ordinary door, and is much more ornamental to the room than any other way.

In marking embroidery patterns, first trace them on the cloth with an ordinary lead pencil, then cover the cloth with a piece of new cambric, or any starch goods, that has been slightly dampened; press with a moderately hot iron, and the impression will remain without soiling the goods. Never use an indelible pencil for marking patterns that are to be embroidered.

In a family consisting of four women, the work was divided between them and every fourth day one of the women had a holiday.

Her work was, on that day, divided between the other three and she was at liberty to spend the day as she pleased, either as the guest of the others, or in visiting away from home.

An attractive and economical way to serve butter is to make the little balls. These made be made and placed in a bowl which in turn is placed on a pan of ice, or in the ice box, and when served the balls will be hard and appetizing, and it is seldom a person will ask for a second helping. Compare this with the softened butter that is so apt to be found upon the tables in the summer season, and you will see where the economy comes in.

"Henderson Hopkins aged three,
Invited himself out to tea;
Said he: 'If you please,
I'll have lobster and cheese,
And the candy that's made of a bee.'"

A trained nurse says that if the bed becomes tiresome to an invalid. it can be made less so by tucking a small pillow under the knees of the patient. It is a change and gives relief from holding the limbs in one position.

If you set the dishpan with the ears at the back and front as the pan faces you, instead of at the sides, there will not be the danger of nicked dishes as they are removed from the pan after washing them.

Inquiries Answered

"Belle D." wishes to know what the letters R. S. V. P. mean. She found them in the corner of an invitation to dinner which she received and has "no idea" what they were there for. They mean, in plain English, that you will please answer at once as to whether you will accept the invitation or not. This is necessary in order that the hostess may be able to fill any vacancy in her dinner list should one of the guests be unable to accept. It will be ages too late to be of use when this explanation reaches "Belle," but she can be prepared for the next time.

It shows much better sense for a hostess to use English words when sending invitations to her guests, as there are often those who, like "Belle," have no idea that the French sentence of which these letters are the initials means, "Reply, if you please."

The duties of a "companion," "Bertha," are numerous and depend upon the health and wishes of the employer. A companion is expected to read to her employer, to attend to her social correspondence, do her shopping, and, if they travel, to see to purchasing tickets, securing seats and accommodations on the trains or boat, and rooms in the hotels, and, in short, make herself generally useful in every way. The compensation for such services varies according to the work required and the ability or generosity of the employer.

Because her employer speaks in a "short and snappy" manner to her, "Ethel May" thinks she is not well treated, and asks the editor to "write something" about the rudeness of men in general. "Ethel" must remember that she is not engaged as "company" by her employer, but to do his work, or such portion of it as he may intrust to her, and that he probably looks upon her as he does upon any other employe. A business man has no time during business hours to waste words, and there should be no Alphonse and Gaston formalities expected. It is a common fault with young ladies who seek places in an office to expect the same consideration that would be extended them in a social meeting with their employers. They work for the pay there is in it, and are hired for the work they can do. It is a business arrangement all around and should be so considered, and if a girl accepts such a position she should work with an eye solely to business, and not be looking for favors nor for possible slights.

Make the children's clothing as nearly "next to nothing" as possible during the hot weather. Running suits of white or colored cotton are made with a body, very short sleeves and legs cut off at the knee. With these are worn the barefoot sandals and the child is thus allowed the greatest amount of comfort possible. For the afternoon dress up, the Russian suits of white or blue linen are the easiest made and put on and off as well as the easiest to launder, and the use of them will save trouble and spankings of restless children.

A girl of sixteen should not, under any circumstances, attend a public entertainment with a man unless she has a chaperon; neither should parties of young people go on excursions or visits at any distance from their homes without a married couple to chaperon them. In this country there is too much of this freedom allowed, and the result is anything but satisfactory. While a mother may have implicit confidence in her daughter, she should avoid the possibility of exposing her to unkind and derogatory remarks by allowing her to do these things.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Several references have been made to "Little My" since this "surprise party" came in, and some have wondered why she was not here, after inviting others to come. Read this, and you will know that she had an excellent excuse:

It is with much meekness and shamefacedness that I come begging admittance to the party at this late hour, at least long enough to explain why I haven't come sooner. When I received my invitation and a request that I "pass it along," I was delighted, and think I made a success as far as extending the invitation was concerned, but just about then occurred the Important Event of my life, and it made me forgetful—for the time—of everything else.

You remember that we have Bible authority for thinking that "marrying a wife" was a sufficient excuse for not attending a feast, and with me it was that I "married me a husband," and what with that, and beginning housekeeping, the date of the party slipped my mind, and I am come just in time to see the guests depart, but I think I brought a surprise with me.

I hope "Indiana Wabash" did not wait for me; for I promised her I would stop off and come with her. I sincerely beg her pardon for disappointing her, and as my excuse has already been given, I can only say I "do not expect it will happen again."—"Little My."

And here we have a valid excuse for the long absence of another of our number:

Dear friends, I come today and bring my share of the "surprise" party; she is almost three months old and her name is Paulina Marie. As she is to be proposed as a member of the M. G. R. I thought it would be a good time to propose her at this party where there are so many present.

I think "New England Girl" deserves a great deal of credit for suggesting that we surprise Miss Prudence, and as she said we were to have a great time today, I will start the fun by telling you a story of something that happened a few days ago.

I suppose you have all heard the saying that when a duck runs for shelter, the storm will not last long. I think I have found that to be true in one instance, at least.

The other day when I was closing the windows against a storm that was coming, I happened to glance down the road and who should I see running up the road, taking about twenty feet to the jump, with his sombrero in his hand, but "Bro. Jonathan." When he reached the house I asked him why he carried his hat in his hand instead of on his head, and he said he thought it would make him lighter and he could run faster. The storm did not last long.

We have been entertaining a minister lately, and I have had to be like the man who lived with a minister on one side of him and a policeman on the other —"awful good." I did not dare to scold the children when they were naughty, nor look cross at "Bro. Jonathan" no matter what he might say or do, nor take the cats by their tails and throw them out of doors when they were under foot. I simply opened the door and said "scat" in a gentle tone. I expect the cats and the family wished the minister lived with us all the time.

He thought I was real amiable, but he did not see me one night when I chased a duck around, and around the coop trying to get it in. It was raining and duckie thought he would stay out all night, but I thought he wouldn't, and he didn't, but the sneed and perseverance with which we went around that coop prevented a lookeron from knowing whether I was chasing the duck or the duck was chasing me. Now somebody tell something funny, so we can laugh, for you know that if you

"Laugh the world laughs with you.
Weep and you weep alone."

"Mrs. Bro. Jonathan."

The prodigal returns, wondering if Miss Prudence will receive him. And he brings as a peace offering a bunch of violets, and a story about his better half (I see her over there and know by the way she giggles when she looks over this way, that she is telling something about me).

We had a church entertainment and Mrs. Brother J. sang a song entitled Scrambled Eggs and, say! If any of you want to raise a church debt, all you have to do is to give a supper and an ice cream social and get Mrs. Bro. J. to sing that song. Every one came, and everyone ate at least four suppers, and all on account of the song.

That was not all; the next day the village doctor had so many calls that he thought there was an epidemic as he had twenty-seven hurry up calls at once. He thought of notifying the health officer, but finally decided to send for a quart of ipecac. All of this time Mrs. Bro J. was wondering if he would not feel that he could buy her a new hat on account of her responsibility for this rapid increase of business. Do you suppose he will?—"Brother Jonathan."

We were glad to be included in this general surprise for Miss Prudence and now since she has acknowledged that it is a genuine surprise, let us make it a pleasant occasion for her by enjoying it ourselves. I do not think there is ever need of much "trying" to enjoy a M. G. R. reunion, for it comes so easy, when her girls and boys and the "Juniors" meet, even though some of us must cut our visit shorter than we could wish, so we may get home in time for the chores which must be done, party or no party. The summer is full of conventions and reunions and these with the regular work of the farmer, given no time for a real good visit, which we all need at times.

I move that we give a vote of thanks to New England Girl, who thought first of this party and took so much trouble to carry out her plans for our pleasure. I also give a cordial invitation for another reunion for our "tin" wedding anniversary, which occurs October 7. Are there any of the M. G. R.'s whose wedding ante-dates ours of October 7, 1896? Now we really must go, with good-byes to all and saying to Miss Prudence that we have had a delightful time and are glad we came. — "Addie" and "Scarlet Wing."

Banner Puzzlers

FOR JULY.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was the founder of phrenology, and was born at Tiefenbrunn, near Pforzheim, March 9, 1758. He studied medicine at Vienna, and, settling there, became known as a practical physician, and as the publisher of various books on medical subjects. He acquired a much more extended reputation by his lectures on the structure and functions of the brain, which he began to deliver in 1796. In 1807 he settled as a physician in Paris, and began lecturing and writing for the propagation of his opinions, but was discountenanced by Napoleon as a foreigner teaching science to the citizens of France. After many discouragements and publishing many treatises, which were received with more or less suspicion, he continued to practice medicine and pursue his researches at Montrouge, near Paris, until his death, which occurred August 22, 1828. As a thinker he was original and independent; as an observer, industrious and persevering; as a writer and lecturer, forcible and clear. He conferred signal service on science by his discoveries in the anatomy and physiology of the brain.

BELLE BURRITT.

2.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

The area of a field is 30 acres; the diagonal is 100 rds. Find the sides.

BUCKEYE JR.

3.—DROP-WORD PUZZLE.

"And they that be ..... shall ..... as the brightness of the firmament, and they that ..... many to ..... as the ..... for ever and ever."

C. M. B.

4.—DIAMOND AND SQUARE.

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      X
    X X X
  X O O O X
X X O O O X X
  X O O O X
    X X X
      X
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1.—A consonant.
2.—Denoting a female.
3.—A weapon.
4.—One who cuts wool from sheep.
5.—The globe we occupy.
6.—(Inverted) Feminine possessive pronoun.
7.—Consonant.

Inner square, a vegetable; part of the head; skill, dexterity.

ANNIE LAURIE.

5.—QUERY.

Who knows anything worth telling about the Glass-chord?

ALICE THURSTIN.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote: "Avoid lawsuits beyond all things; they influence conscience, impair your health, and dissipate your property."

W. P. E.

Answers to Puzzles of August 23.

1.—Sarah Margaret Fuller, Marchioness Ossoli.

2.—The first received 9, the second 6, and the third 2. (See Chat.)

3.—Words forming half square: Zabad, Adah, bad, ah, D.

4.—D-ray, o-pen, e-ate, d-aunt, a-corn, y-awl, s-tare. Dog days.

5.—Fumage, in the law of England, was properly "smoke-farthings," or a customary payment for every house that had a chimney or fire-hearth. This tax is mentioned in Domesday as paid by custom to the king for every chimney in the house. Edward, the Black Prince, is said to have imposed a tax of a florin for every hearth in his French dominions. The tax was abolished by William and Mary.

6.—John G. Saxe wrote:

"Don't seek for an angel a minute
For granting you win, in the sequel
The deuce after all would be in it,
With a union so very unequal."

Chat.

The solution sent by Lewis J. Baird to his problem answered today is: 1-2 plus 1-3 plus 1-9 equals 17-18; he has only 17-18 of the whole to divide; 1-2 of 17-18 equals 9-17; 1-3 of 17-18 equals 6-17; 1-9 of 17-18 equals 2-17. Adding these fractions, we obtain 17-17, or the whole. The numerators of the fractions represent the number of elephants each son received.

AUTHORS AND ACTORS

CLARA MORRIS.

From The Critic.

The above is the latest picture of Mrs. Harriott, best known to the world as Clara Morris, the great actress. As is well known, she left the stage and has for some time devoted herself to letters. This year she has published a new book entitled The Life of a Star, beside her magazine articles, and she has also accepted an editorial position at a large salary upon a New York newspaper.

GRANDMAS.

The grandmas in the story-books
Are not a bit like mine.
They sit and knit, or else they read
The Bible all the time.

Their hair is white, they wear a cap,
And lean upon a cane,
And always talk about the days
That never come again.

When little girls lean on their knee
They lift a trembling hand,
And point the way for tiny feet
To reach the heavenly land.

Mine takes me to the matinee,
And walks along so fast
I hardly get a chance to see
The windows going past.

She doesn't read the Bible, much,
Nor through the Scriptures search,
And she likes a rainy Sunday
When you cannot go to church.

Then new books from the library
Are what she reads all day,
And when I lean upon her knee
She says: "Now run away!"

She never sits a-knitting
In the gloaming, as she ought,
And I know that papa's stockings
At the store she always bought.

And she never wears an apron
With a pep'mint in the pocket,
Nor carries grandpa's picture
In a little round gold locket.

She never calls to me and says:
"Put on my bonnet, child,"
Nor lets me help her down the steps
A-smiling, meek and mild.

When papa takes us for a spin
Upon the boulevard
She sits up straight and doesn't mind
Although it jounces—hard.

We go so fast I hold on tight,
And hardly dare to stir,
But she just laughs and says: "Oh, no,"
It's not too fast for her!

What's printed in a book is true,
Of course you mustn't doubt it,
And yet my grandma can't be wrong;
What shall I do about it?

—Judith Giddings in Harper's Magazine.

A DECISION

By SYDNEY DAYRE

"I'm in rare good luck."

So Fred said to his parents on his return from an interview with Mr. Rice, the head man at the library. Fred had heard that Mr. Rice was in need of an assistant.

"I'm to have the place all summer," he went on. "Fair pay and easy hours. And, the thing of having books, books about you all the time—to browse at my will."

There are many boys who would not be happy in prospect of work all through vacation. But as we all know there is a far greater number who are on the eager outlook for it—boys of brave hearts and willing minds, growing up to be the bone and sinew of the country, who are happy in helping themselves along. Fred was one of these and was now, having left school on Wednesday, rejoicing in the prospect of entering on his congenial work the next Monday.

"He wanted me to come tomorrow," continued the boy, "but I told him that Saturday must be a very busy day with me at home and that I couldn't see my way to it. So he was kind about waiting for me. I'm going to get you all fixed up first, you know," with an affectionate glance at his parents.

"Now I think you know all there is to do," said his father the next morning as Fred was to be left alone to his duties for the day. "Be specially careful about the glazing in mother's little greenhouse. And be sure," he added with a smile, "that you watch for the best light for a photograph of the house. I want to send one to your grandmother, and you know this is the last day you will be at liberty at just the right time."

"I'll remember," said Fred.

Watching his father and mother out of sight, he lingered for a few moments at the gate planning the day's work before him.

"Hello, Fred—you're the one we're after. Go and get your fishing tackle."

"What for?" asked Fred of the two boys who had hurried up to him.

"Big frolic. We got it up out our end of the street all in a hurry because some of us boys are going to work Monday."

"I am," said Fred, "and I have plenty to do first, so that settles me."

"Well, now," said Jack Rice, in a discontented tone, "seems to me we boys ought to have this last day to ourselves. See now, Fred," he went on eagerly, "we're going to have a fine time. There are a dozen of us on Gray's stone wagon and we're going for an all-day of it over at the lake. Let your work wait. It's likely we'll get home in time for you to do some of it. We've hurried ahead so you'd be ready. We made sure you'd go."

It was tempting—a day of sport instead of work. How fast thought followed thought in the boy's mind.

"I've been studying hard all the year and working out of school hours. I'd like to have a little fun before boning down again. If father was here he'd want me to have it, I know, and fix things up for me somehow."

"Come on, Fred. Get your tackle."

"And a bit of something for lunch."

Fred was wavering. The photograph could be taken some other time. The glazing—why he could do that any long, bright evening. There was no hurry about the careful weeding of the flowers for his mother—he could easily hire a small boy to do it. O, that lake, with the boating, swimming and bathing.

Then came a vision of the home-coming in the evening. And the coming of the two who would expect to find duty done instead of neglected.

How often come before us these times of decision, this necessity of choosing between doing the right thing or the wrong thing. Sometimes the difference seems slight, too slight, almost, to involve a real point of conscience. Yet there is always a bearing down of one scale or the other. And in many cases the choice made may be a turning point in a life. Even when the question of right or wrong seems not serious there is so much in the mere habit of electing always for the right.

Mr. Gray's wagon came up, shouts of merry boys mingling with its rattle.

"Hurrah! All ready."

Fred advanced to the wall with a smile.

"Wish you a jolly day," he said.

"Jump in." But he shook his head, and a groan arose as he made the others comprehend that his resolution was taken. He waved his hat after them as they drove away.

"You'll be sorry all day—when it's too late," Jack called back.

But Fred was not sorry, as with some hours' work he reduced the small flower garden to a condition of smiling, good order, which would gladden his mother's eyes. Not sorry when he secured a fine photograph of the pleasant home just now at its highest beauty. Not at all sorry when later in the day a heavy rain came up. The green house, which was little more than a large window built out from the living room, was safely glazed and Fred looked up in triumph as the rain, which might worked mischief, beat harmlessly against his thorough work. Not at all sorry as, finishing a number of small chores, he sat down for a rest with the reflection that everything he had done that day had been for the comfort and pleasure of some one he loved and who loved him—the ones who would warmly co-operate with him in all his efforts toward securing for himself the best and highest things in life.

Jack Rice, in the evening, told his father of their merry day at the pond.

"Fun enough for a week. I told Fred Marvin—"

"Was Fred Marvin with you?" asked Mr. Rice, remembering that Fred had maintained that necessary tasks at home made it impossible to go to his work that day.

"No, he wasn't," said Jack. "We said all we could to coax him, but he would stay to muddle over trifles at home."

"I'm rather glad I've hired that kind of a boy," was Mr. Rice's conclusion.—The Youth's Evangelist.

"COME ON, FRED, GET YOUR TACKLE."

The hot weather evidently had its influence on the pupils of the 'Cademy today, for not one answered to roll call, and, to tell the truth, the Mistress only came because she had to, and shut up shop as soon as possible. As the fall weather comes on, she is hoping someone will come to the fore with a suggestion for Halloween or Thanksgiving columns. Anything practical will be considered. In making puzzles, however, always bear in mind the printer, and do not tax his powers of reproduction too severely by sending elaborate mechanical puzzles, or others requiring many "signs."

$4.95

20 YEAR GUARANTEE

THE LOCOMOTIVE SPECIAL

Engraved "23 JEWELS ADJUSTED" A perfect timekeeper, 23 jewels adjusted to temperature, isochronism and positions, including Montreux on dial and works. Genuine jewels in all important working parts. Fancy ornamental imitation jewels in gold settings on top plate, giving it the appearance of the genuine $25 jewel watches that sell for $15 to $20. Solid Coin Silver dust proof screw case, guaranteed for 20 years, both case and works. SEEING IS BELIEVING. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch to you by express for examination. You examine it at your express office and if perfectly satisfied pay express agent our bargain sale price $4.95, and express charges and it is yours. Order to-day as this advertisement will positively not appear again.

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

FREE ADVICE ON CURING Catarrh

Catarrh Specialist SPROULE

Here's the best offer ever made to victims of Catarrh! It's an offer of the most valuable and helpful medical advice on curing Catarrh, absolutely free of charge, from the greatest Catarrh specialist of the age—a man who knows all about Catarrh in every form and who has cured thousands of cases where other doctors and other treatments have completely failed.

Don't neglect your Catarrh any longer! It's a disgusting, loathsome disease! Worse still—it's terribly dangerous! **Neglected Catarrh ends in Consumption.** Unless you take care of it in time, the first thing you know it will be TOO LATE.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule, who makes the offer of this valuable help to Catarrh sufferers, will gladly give you free his knowledge and counsel.

HE MAKES NO CHARGE

for studying your case and telling you just what to do. Without paying a cent you will receive the most reliable and helpful advice—advice that will show you just how to cure your Catarrh—not just for a week or a month or a year but PERMANENTLY. Don't lose this great chance! Answer the questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Coupon and send it without delay to **CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE, 6-9 Trade Building, Boston.**

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON

Is your breath foul?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADE A PRIZE FARMER

Humorist Beats Neighbors Raising Oats.

Richmond, Ind., Sept. 4.—George Ade, humorist and playwhight, is now a prize farmer. Of all the Newton county farms Ade's has done the best on oats. At the time of the sowing Ade claimed to know little about any crop except oats, and so an oat-growing contest was started.

When harvest time came and field after field made splendid yields, around sixty bushels to the acre, Ade's farmer friends were jubilant. Ade's crop was the last to be threshed, and from the thirty-eight acres in oats there was a trifle more than 2,060 bushels of fine grain obtained, a little more than seventy bushels to the acre. It was the largest yield to the acre in Newton county, and one of the best in the state.

EAT HALF-RIPE WHEAT

Floods Devastate Parts of India —Inhabitants Flee.

Lahore, India, Sept. 4.—Floods have devastated a large section of Behar district. Whole villages have been obliterated, great areas of food crops have been destroyed, and the indigo crop is ruined. There are nine feet of water on the low lying lands giving the country for miles the appearance of an open sea.

The inhabitants have sought refuge in the hills and are depending for subsistence on raids made on the half-ripe wheat fields situated on high ground.

16 KILLED OR WOUNDED

Bomb Thrown at Wedding Procession in Russia.

Usorka, Russia, Aug. 31.—A bomb was thrown at a wedding procession here today, killing or wounding sixteen persons, the perpetrator of the outrage being among those killed.

TRANSPORT A TOTAL LOSS

Word Received at State Department Relative to the Sheridan.

Washington, Sept. 4.—A dispatch received today at the office of the quartermaster general of the army confirms the report from Honlulu that the transport Sheridan practically will be a total loss.

All of the personal property has been removed from the troop ship, and she is now waiting for the arrival of the wrecking apparatus from San Francisco which will be used in an effort to save her engines, boilers and other movable equipment.

OHIO COLONEL DEAD.

Washington, Sept. 4.—Lieutenant-Colonel James S. Pettit, Eighth infantry, died at his residence in this city today. He had been in ill health for a number of years.

He was appointed a cadet at West Point from Ohio in 1874. He made a good record as an officer during the Spanish war, being colonel of the Fourth Immune regiment and afterwards became colonel of one of the volunteer regiments raised for service in the Philippines. He had been detailed as inspector general and also as adjutant general.

ASK FOR U. S. WARSHIP

Wants Stensland Extradited In That Manner.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Assistant State's Attorney Barbour today made a demand on the United States government for a warship in which to bring Paul O. Stensland, the fugitive banker, now under arrest in Tangier, back to this country.

The request was today sent by Mr. Barbour to Governor Deneen, following a series of communications between the governor and Secretary of State Adee at Washington.

Mr. Barbour urged the seeming peril of bringing Stensland across foreign countries where the prisoner might suddenly balk at the prospect of returning to the United States. Moreover, Mr. Barbour fears that Stensland may kill himself, and points out the advisability of having Stensland brought back to this country as a federal prisoner on board a warship.

Attorney General Stead and Assistant State's Attorney Barnett were busy today preparing a petition to President Roosevelt asking him to see that the government of Morocco is asked to turn the prisoner over to the United States authorities. This petition will be sent to Washington along with other documents including the bench warrants for the arrest of Stensland. Governor Deneen today received the following telegram from Acting Secretary of State Adee:

"There is no extradition treaty with Morocco. Do you wish us to request the sultan to render up Stensland as a friendly act, on evidence shown of his guilt?"

Four dispatches were received at the state department today from Illinois authorities, two from Governor Deneen and two from State's Attorney Healy. While these were not made public it was stated that all were in the nature of appeals to the department that it do everything in its power to extradite Stensland. The authorities are cognizant of the difficulties that must be overcome in view of the fact that there is no extradition treaty between this country and Morocco. At the same time they look to Mr. Adee to find a way.

Like Tweed Case.

The present acting secretary of state was charge of the legation at Madrid when William M. Tweed was arrested in Spain. There was no extradition treaty between the two countries but Capt. Franklin, now Rear Admiral Franklin, retired, was cruising in the Mediterranean on a war vessel. He was ordered to touch at Gibraltar on his way to American waters and Tweed was informed by Mr. Adee that passage home awaited him on board the war vessel. Tweed had been so harassed and was so nearly heartbroken at what he termed his ruined life that he decided to surrender. He was given the admiral's suite and traveled to the United States with every comfort. That was the only way Tweed could have been secured.

If an effort had been made to escort him through France or Portugal, the authorities there would have objected on the ground that the fugitive had not been taken in pursuance of treaty regulations. Commenting on the Tweed arrest today Mr. Adee concluded: "And so I presume that I am regarded as an authority on irregular extraditions."

Mr. Gummere, the American minister to Morocco, was sent a dispatch yesterday instructing him to ask the Moroccan authorities whether they would surrender Stensland for removal to the United States. At noon today no reply had been received.

REBELS ATTACK A TOWN

Rural Guard Shut Themselves Up in Fort.

Havana, Sept. 4.—Advices from Cienfuegos, received here today, say that a band of 30 rebels yesterday sacked the small town of Castella De Jagua, also known as Jagua, situated on Cienfuegos Bay. The rural guards in garrison at Castella De Jagua, and the officials of that place, meanwhile shut themselves up in the fort or castle.

SIGNAL BOMB EXPLODED

Twelve Persons Were Injured at St. Louis.

St. Louis, Sept. 4.—Two men were severely wounded and ten other persons were slightly hurt by an exploding signal bomb set off to start the parade of organized St. Louis unions in honor of Labor day. The bomb was the third fired and was the signal for the pageant to start. It failed to explode in the air, returning to the sidewalk some distance from where it was fired before bursting.

EXPLOSION ON CRUISER

Four Men Killed and Eight Hurt Aboard Russian Boat.

London, Sept. 4.—Four men were killed and eight were seriously injured by an explosion on board the Russian armored cruiser Rurik, which is being built at the Vickers-Maxims works at Barrow.

The accident is attributed to the contact of a lighted naphtha lamp with inflammable gases in a tank where the men were working.

MAY OPEN NEW CHWANG

China May Suspend Collection of Customs Duties.

New Chwang, Sept. 1.—The application of the chamber of commerce here for support of the proposal to suspend the collection of customs duties at New Chwang, while Dalny remains a free port, and goods enter Manchuria from the Russian frontier free, has been referred to the ministers of the various powers at Pekin.

The American import business at New Chwang is greater than that of all other foreign countries combined, and interests of the importers are menaced.

REBS WOUND A GENERAL

Was Fired Upon as He Left His Residence.

Warsaw, Sept. 3. — General Tuemenoff, commander of a brigade at the garrison here, was wounded but not seriously, by five revolutionists, who fired upon him with revolvers as he was leaving his residence. General Tuemenoff participated in the recent pacification of the Baltic provinces, serving under General Orloff, governor general of Livonia.

On the occasion of the beginning of the school year at Lodz, terrorists informed the Polish teachers who had agreed to teach in the Russian language that they had been sentenced to death.

FOUND IN FAR PACIFIC.

Newspaper Personal Locates Lost Man.

New York, Sept. 4.—"WANTED—If alive, present address of Captain Edwin H. Parker, or Popham; last heard from in June, 1897; then with the Interisland Steam Navigation company, Honolulu, H. I. Pacific coast and Honolulu papers please copy. J. SMART, room 54, No. 29 Broadway, New York city."

This advertisement was inserted in the personal column of a New York paper on July 25, 1906, by G. H. Popham, of this city. His aged mother had come to New York from her home

in Mexico City, to make renewed efforts to find her missing son.

"No matter where he is," said Mr. Popham at the time of inserting the advertisement, "I know this advertisement will reach him, if he is alive, and my mother is as confident as I am."

Word was received Sunday from Honolulu that the missing Captain Edwin H. Parker had probably been found through the advertisement. A man who bears his name and is a sea captain, when shown the advertisement recently in Honolulu, made this statement: "My father's name was Parker. When I was three years of age my mother married a Mr. Popham, and when I left home I took the name of Parker. I communicated with my family up to 1897, when a letter to my half brother, at Kansas City, was returned to me by the postoffice officials. Since then I have not written. I think that my mother desires to communicate with me to settle my father's estate, which is worth from $50,000 to $100,000, and the bulk of it will come to me. I have instructed Mr. A. G. M. Robertson to take up the matter in my interest."

Captain Parker ran away from home and went to sea when a boy. His family was then living in New Orleans. He returned to that city in 1880, after an absence of several years and found his mother, a stepfather, Mr. Popham, and a brother and sister about to remove to Mexico. This he opposed. Failing to persuade his family to remain in New Orleans he again went to sea.

"Until you come back here to live I shall never return and you will never see me again," he said to his mother. To date he has kept his word. Up to 1897 he wrote to his mother in Mexico or one of his brothers in the United States every two years, but since then they have heard nothing from him until now.

CASTRO IN BAD SHAPE

Venezuela's President Said to Have Paralysis.

Willemstad, Curacao, Sept. 4.—President Castro is unable to see anybody, being still confined to his bed after forty days of illness. Secrecy on the part of his physician and friends as to the true nature of his disease alarms the public, and the belief is current that he has paralysis. Meanwhile his cabinet will continue in charge of affairs until General Gomez arrives at Caracas, awaiting the moment to assume the presidency, in case of an expected emergency.

GUNBOAT FOR CUBA.

New York, Sept. 4.—It was learned here from a semi-official source that agents of the Cuban government are negotiating in this city for the purchase of a steamer which is to be converted immediately into a gunboat and sent to Cuba for use against the insurgents. The naval force of the republic has heretofore consisted of about a half dozen small patrol boats used mostly for police duty against smugglers. The activity of the insurgents, however, along the coast to the northwest of Havana and the possibility of the spread of the movement to the east as is now threatened have awakened the government to the need of a strong marine force.

AGREEMENT WITH SPAIN

Tariff Revision to Take Effect September 1.

Washington, Aug. 30.—The state department last night made public a proclamation by President Roosevelt declaring and putting into effect on September 1st next, the new agreement as to reciprocal tariff concessions between this government and Spain.

Under the agreement, American goods are to pay duty according to Spain's second tariff schedule, the rate accorded favored nations, in return for American concessions in the way of tariff reductions on wines and other Spanish imports into the United States.

SUMMER VACATION OVER

Roosevelt to Go to Washington October 1.

Oyster Bay, Sept. 4.—President Roosevelt will leave Sagamore Hill for Washington October 1.

Three days later he will make a flying trip to Harrisburg and York, Pa., where he will deliver speeches.

The date of his departure from Oyster Bay was announced today.

CONCENTRATING TROOPS

Pretender to Throne to Go After Sultan's Forces.

Madrid, Aug. 31.—Dispatches from Melilla, Morocco, say the pretender to the throne is concentrating 6,000 troops at Mulaya, in preparation for a decisive battle with the sultan's forces.

The pretender, it is said, expects to obtain considerable reinforcements from the Riff territory. The sultan's forces are said to number 4,000 well-armed men.

ROOT AT SANTIAGO.

Santiago, Sept. 4.—Secretary Root and party reached this city on Saturday, breakfasted yesterday with Baron De Giskra at the Austrian legation and spent the afternoon visiting the schools.

HOME-BUILDERS WANTED

Reclaimed Arid Lands Are Not for Speculators.

Boise, Sept. 4.—More than 1,000 delegates, representing half of the states of the Union, were present when the National Irrigation Congress assembled for its fourteenth annual session.

L. W. Shurtleff, of Ogden, Utah, first vice president, presided in the absence of Governor George C. Pardee, of California, president of the congress. James A. Pinney, mayor of Boise, and Governor F. R. Gooding welcomed the delegates to the capital.

Credit Given Roosevelt.

Governor Gooding roused the convention when he referred to President Roosevelt, saying it was at St. Anthony, in the state of Idaho, where President Roosevelt, six years ago, made his first promise to the west to give his support to the movement for the enactment of a national reclamation law. The great irrigation works in Idaho now nearing completion, he said, were the fruition of the promise made by President Roosevelt.

On behalf of the congress, brief speeches in response to the addresses of welcome were made by Senator Carter, of Montana, and Governor George E. Chamberlain, of Oregon. Other speakers were Governor John C. Cutlas of Utah, Senator Dubois of Idaho, and Vice President Fairbanks.

Gifford H. Pinchot, of Washington, chief of the forestry division of the department of agriculture, who was announced as the bearer of a letter of greeting to the congress from President Roosevelt, was introduced. Mr. Pinchot said he appeared merely as the President's messenger boy. President Roosevelt's letter was as follows:

Roosevelt Warns Speculators.

"We may well congratulate ourselves on the rapid progress already made, and rejoice that the infancy of the work has been safely passed. There remains, however, the critical question of how best to utilize the reclaimed lands by putting them into the hands of actual cultivators and home-makers, who will return the original outlay in annual installments paid back into the reclamation fund; the question of seeing that the lands are used for homes, and not for purposes of speculation or for the building up of large fortunes.

"The pressing danger just now springs from the desire of nearly-every man to get and hold as much land as he can, whether he can handle it profitably or not, and whether or not it is for the interest of the community that he should have it. With an adequate supply of water, a farm of five acres in some parts of the arid west, or of forty acres elsewhere, is as large as may be successfully tilled by one family. When, therefore, a man attempts to hold 160 acres of land completely irrigated by government work, he is preventing others from acquiring a home, and is actually keeping down the population of the state. Speculation in lands reclaimed by the government must be checked at whatever cost. The object of the reclamation act is not to make money, but to make homes."

POCKET VENUS HONORED

American Girl Wins Success on Continent.

Dublin, Sept. 3.—Miss Aimee Netter, an American girl, has made an even greater success abroad than she did in Ireland during the last castle season. "The Pocket Venus" she was called by King Oscar, of Sweden, to whom she was privately introduced on one occasion, and that term has stuck to her ever since.

When she was in Ireland she was commonly talked of as the little Venus and great things were predicted for her future. She is now on the continent, where she has become a great favorite, especially among the Russian aristocracy, both men and women. Indeed, several of the women have copied her style of hair dressing and clothes.

One of her greatest friends is Princess Oumoroff, who some little time ago had her stay with her and gave her on parting a pretty turquoise pendant, which Miss Netter wore when she had her photograph taken especially for the princess in Paris.

BOUGHT 50-CENT SEATS

Dame Rumor Says Richest Woman Visited Casino.

New York, Sept. 3.—There was a general pricking-up of ears during the intermission of The Social Whirl at the Casino theatre when it became noised about in the lobby that Mrs. Hetty Green, America's richest woman financier, was occupying a fifty-cent seat in the "peanut gallery." Many persons climbed two long winding flights of stairs to satisfy their curiosity. They searched the long rows of hard-backed chairs in an effort to discover her.

The report started from the box office, where the treasurer was certain that he had sold the woman financier three 50-cent seats after a long wrangle over the price.

A woman answering her description appeared in front of the box office window just after the curtain had gone up and asked for three chairs—one for herself and the others for two elderly women with her. The treasurer had three good ones in the orchestra at $2 each and he shoved them out.

"Six dollars, please," he said.

"Six dollars!" snorted the prospective purchaser. "Why, sir, your whole house isn't worth $6. The prices you folks ask is abominable. I never paid $2 for a seat, and I never will. Haven't you got one for fifty cents? You advertised them."

"Certainly," replied the treasurer. "Well, that's more like it," said the woman. "It's a good place to see from, if you do have to climb, and they'll do first-rate. The trouble with you theatre people is you are too grasping."

With this parting shot the three journeyed upstairs and stowed themselves among the gallery gods. As she passed through the door the woman dropped a card case, out of which slipped a card bearing the name Mrs. Hetty Green.

When the curiosity seekers reached the gallery there was so much staring that one woman complained to Manager Hennessy. So many women looked as though they might be Mrs. Green that a dry goods drummer offered to set the matter at rest. Picking out the woman who most resembled Mrs. Green, he diffidently asked her if she were.

"It's none of your business who I am, young man," was all the satisfaction he got.

Sure Cure For Sore Eyes

Grateful Patrons Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and All Eye Diseases. Send Your Name and Address With Two-Cent Stamp for Free Trial Package.

The cures being made by this magic lotion every day are truly remarkable. I have repeatedly restored to sight persons nearly blind for years.

Ulcers, wild hairs, granulated lids disappear almost instantly with the use of this magic remedy. Weak, watery eyes are cleared in a single night and quickly restored to perfect health. It has repeatedly cured where all other remedies and all doctors had failed. It is indeed a magic remedy and I am glad to give this free trial to any sufferer from sore eyes or any eye trouble.

Hundreds have thrown away their glasses after using it a week. Preachers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, students, dressmakers and all who use their eyes under strain find with this Magic Lotion a safe, sure and quick relief. If you have sore eyes or any eye trouble write me today. I am in earnest in making my offer of a free trial bottle of this lotion. It is the only positive cure for cataract known, and I am glad to furnish proof in many well-proven and authentic cases where it has cured cataract after the doctors said that only a dangerous and expensive operation would save the sight. If you have eye trouble of any kind you will make a serious mistake if you do not send for my great free offer of this Magic Eye Lotion. Address, with full description of your trouble and a two-cent stamp, Prof. Herman T. Schlegel, 128 Mackinaw Bldg., Chicago, and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of his magic remedy that has restored hundreds to sight.

THINKS WELL OF PREMIER

Czar Declines to Listen to the Enemies of Stolypin.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 1.—Premier Stolypin, according to reports from Peterhof, is very high in favor with the emperor, who declines to listen to the suggestions of the premier's enemies.

The police claim that they have obtained an important clew to the headquarters of the Terrorists' organization. They say that a man who was arrested at Peterhof in connection with the assassination of General Min, hastily attempted to swallow a piece of paper which when recovered proved to be orders in connection with attempts to be made on the lives of high personages.

The Novoe Vremya says it has been established beyond a doubt that one of the men who attempted to assassinate Premier Stolypin Aug. 25, was a Jew.

The police of Archangel and other northern provinces have received instructions to permit the political prisoners exiled there to leave Russia on condition that they do not return for two years.

POPULISTS IN CONVENTION

Denounce Trusts and All Forms of Gambling.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 30.—Populists of Indiana met here in state convention and nominated a state ticket headed by Jacob W. Clark for secretary of state. The platform denounces trusts, imperialism, the present financial system and gambling. It declares:

"We condemn all forms of gambling as immoral, whether by cards or mechanical devices in an Indiana gambling resort controlled by the chairman of the Democratic national committee, or by speculators in stocks and bonds in Wall street banks."

28 QUAKES IN TWO WEEKS.

Berlin, Aug. 31.—The weekly earthquake report of the geophysical institute of Goetlingen university shows there were eight earthquakes last week and twenty the previous week. These figures are the highest ever recorded.

HAVANA IS PREPARED

Insurgents Gaining Ground in Several Provinces.

Havana, Sept. 1. — It became known today that the insurrection has spread to the province of Puerto Principe. Seventy men have taken up arms at Moron, that province, led by Garcia Canizares, speaker of the house of representatives during the Liberal ascendancy in that body. The members of the band openly equipped themselves and left the town in an orderly manner.

The mayor of Moron soon summoned the rural guards in the vicinity and followed the insurgents with the purpose of engaging them. Later the governor of the province of Puerto Principe notified the authorities here that a mounted party of 200 men had taken up arms at Arroyo Blanco, near Ciego De Avila, twenty-two miles southwest of Moron. This force is commanded by Dellon Sanchez, an ex-revolutionary general.

Governor Silva, of Puerto Principe, has begun enrolling volunteers. The city of Puerto Principe is in a state of excitement.

Vice President Mendez Capote conferred with Senor O'Farrill, the ex-secretary of state and justice, at the former's home until 1 o'clock this morning, but they refused to divulge the subject of their conference.

Ten city militiamen were stationed last night at each of the outlying Havana police stations in anticipation of possible trouble, but nothing occurred.

A band of insurgents, numbering about 200 men, raided Ranchuelo, near Cienfuegos, province of Santa Clara, yesterday, taking all the horses and the contents of the treasury, $1,700.

Thirty rural guards have started from Cienfuegos for Santa Clara, on an armored train.

The city hall at Cienfuegos has been fortified.

The authorities of the city of Pinar Del Rio have organized a force of 300 special police and a hundred city militiamen.

ROBBERS GET $2,000.

Kattowistz, Prussian Silesia, Sept. 4.—Five robbers attacked the cashier of the Electric company at Zonkowitz, Russia, in his office, secured $2,000 which had been procured to pay off the workmen, and escaped with the money.

STAGE WAS HELD UP

Driven by Gillespie, Friend of President Roosevelt.

Wawoma, Cal., Sept. 4.—A Yosemite stage was held up three miles from Ahwahnee. It was driven by Bright Gillespie, who took President Roosevelt and his party through the park on their visit here three years ago.

The robber appeared at a bend in the road and told the driver to come on up. The driver drove until he was within a few feet of the robber, then stopped. The highwayman ordered the passengers out. The driver was told to go on some fifty feet more. The bandit then lined the passengers up in the road.

Victim Photographs Robber.

Wertmer Bishop, of New York, was the first searched and $7.50 was taken from him. A. F. Ormsbee, a friend of Mr. Bishop's, from Brooklyn, N. Y., lost $13. He took two snapshots of the robber. Two of the passengers were women. They took the holdup as though it was a part of the trip.

A soldier passenger was asked to get out of the stage. He had a loaded rifle, and as the bandit was rather careless in the manner of facing the passengers, the soldier took aim, but was prevented from shooting by his fellow passengers, who feared his aim might not be true and that the robber might have accomplices.

Rifles Express Treasure Box.

The Wells-Fargo treasure box was taken out, rifled and the contents burned. It is not known here how much this box contained. The United States mail was taken out in search of another treasure box, but was not disturbed further.

The man probably is the same one who held up the stage last year in August, and in July this year. The sheriff's posse is after him, and the stage company has offered a reward of $250 for his arrest and conviction.

GROWS RICH ON GRAFT

Revolution in Cuba Exposes Scandal.

Havana, Sept. 3.—The revolution has exposed a scandal which is hitting high places. President Palma is declared by every one honest and patriotic, trying to save his country; but a gentleman in close touch with high officials supposed to be assisting Palma, told me that he had been told by them that this was their harvest. They saw the handwriting on the wall, and if they did not make money now they would never have another chance.

There are well authenticated stories of frauds beginning in the purchase of stores and arms and making various army contracts. Payment of $2.50 to private soldiers, I am told, means many thousands in commissions for those who can obtain places for recruits. In fact, the Cuban army is being so well paid that employers who up to now have paid most of the men $1 a day are losing them and industry is being paralyzed; and the war, according to many, will last as long as the treasury holds out.

Losers Are Anxious.

Discussion runs on the question, Who will pay the damages caused by the Cuban insurrection? From the talk in lawyers' offices and about hotels and clubs, where planters and public men congregate, there would seem to be more interest in who is to pay the piper than in the dancing between troops and rurales in the tall grass—and the dancing is getting wilder and wilder.

Up to now it has been considered certain that the United States eventually would have to foot the bill. This was because all foreigners with investments exposed to loss have believed that the Platt amendment gave them a guarantee that in the event of disorder beyond the power of the Cuban government to quell the United States would step in to afford threatened property protection and also pay whatever damage might have resulted before intervention. This idea had a rude awakening today when Major Runcle, a leading American lawyer, declared the Platt amendment had no such force, and that the United States could not be held responsible for any insurrection whether it intervened or not.

Cuba Not Responsible.

He added to the alarm of the planters by asserting that, as the Cuban government was doing all in its power to protect property, it could not be held responsible. Those who have already suffered loss and many who are threatened with it are in consequence very much more excited tonight over the revolution than they have been.

So far not a great deal of damage has been done, except by the impossibility of planting tobacco seed for next year's crop, which, of course, cannot figure in claims for damages. Neither can damages be collected for the great loss ensuing to the pineapple trade and various other businesses which practically have stopped. But some real property has been burned, some cane fields trampled over. Doubtless shortly, when the cane is ready to burn, the rebels will destroy it as a "war measure."

According to all one hears from the best sources, there will be a necessity of saving Cuba from the government quite as much as from the rebels. It has a large surplus of some $20,000,000 and will last while that lasts. Millions have gone for arms and more than $700,000 weekly is going for war expenses.

WON'T SAIL THIS YEAR

Wellman Postpones Trip to the North Pole.

Hammerfest, Norway, Aug. 29.—The following dispatch was received here from Walter Wellman, leader of the Wellman Polar expedition at Spitzbergen:

"I have decided not to attempt a voyage northward this year on account of defects in the mechanical equipment of my airship. According to the announcement made last winter in anticipation of such possibilities, the expedition will continue next year.

WALTER WELLMAN.

My party is now completing a great balloon house and other features of the plant and making experiments with a view to the campaign of 1907.

"This year will be one of preparation and the next will be one of action. Our confidence of success in 1907 has been increased by this summer's work and by our weather observations. The motors work well and the balloon is in good condition, but the car and mechanical equipment will be entirely rebuilt in Paris during the winter. The expedition will arrive here next May and will find everything ready. This year the whole summer has been consumed in building the plant. I shall return to Europe the middle of September, leaving a small party here to guard our headquarters.

"WELLMAN."

ADMITS STEALING 7,000 REGISTERED LETTERS.

Vienna, Sept. 4.—Seven thousand registered letters sent by Polish immigrant laborers from the United States to Calicia, and most of them containing money were stolen during the last two years in Cracow. A railroad official, Baron Gostkawski, who was arrested Sept. 2 charged with the theft, admitted the stealing of all the 7,000 letters but refused to state the amount of money he found in them.

POPE WON'T LIVE LONG

Will Never Hold Consistory, Says Archbishop Keane.

New York, Sept. 4.—Archbishop John J. Keane, of Dubuque, Iowa, who has just returned from France, at the Paulist House, in West Fifty-ninth street, said: "Pope Pius was practically forced on the papal throne. He did not wish to take the responsibility. He will not live long. He doesn't want to.

"In my opinion, he will never hold a consistory, and the outlook for the creation of an American cardinal is not encouraging. The pope, a few days after his elevation, declared that he would never hold a consistory, and that he did not wish to have a long pontificate. I believe his wishes will be fulfilled.

"If the pope should decide to honor this country, I believe he would not create one cardinal, but two, and they would be the Archbishop of Newark and Archbishop Ireland."

WARSAW DESERTED BY BEST CLASS OF PEOPLE.

Warsaw, Sept. 3.—Two policemen were killed here Saturday night. The murderer escaped. A soldier while searching a pedestrian killed a boy and mortally wounded a passerby. This afternoon an officer was mortally wounded. His assailant escaped.

Warsaw is almost deserted by the better classes of the populace. The hotels and private houses are empty and everyone able to do so is sending his family to the country.

WAS AFRAID OF TRUST

Daughter Buys Coffin for Her Living Father.

Des Moines, Sept. 4.—Alarmed by the report that caskets and all undertakers' supplies were bound to reach an exorbitant price within a few years, Mrs. Percy Bogardus bought and paid for a coffin for her father, Charles Bogardus, who, although 76 years old, is hale and hearty and bids fair to reach the century mark.

Mrs. Bogardus, when asked if she could cite any precedent for her action, retorted that it had never been her custom to "Waste time looking for precedents." She declared the trusts were raising the price of everything and that "within five years to die will mean to bankrupt an estate."

Mr. Bogardus commended his daughter's foresight.

STORM AROUND MEXICO IS OVER.

Mexico City, Sept. 3.—The terrible storm, which swept over the Pacific coast of Mexico for nearly three weeks has ended, after causing immense damage throughout an extensive region. The port of Manzanillo after many days of isolation is again in communication with the rest of the country. Telegraph lines were prostrated and for a long distance not a single pole was left in place. In the state of Sinaloa and the territory of Tepic, great injury was done to farmers and great loss to crops and cattle is reported. No loss of life has been reported.

WHEAT LANDS FOR SALE

633 Acres in Kansas wheat belt. Level as a barn floor. Soil 4 feet deep. 125 feet to sheet water. Less than 1 mile to town. Title perfect. Price $25 per acre. Do you want it? Tell W. W. MORSE, FAIRBURG, NEBRASKA.

MEN Learn the new business in one day. Big money. Permanent work in your locality. "Investigate." Particulars for stamp. E. R. RITTER, 6, Columbus, Ohio.

MIDDLE AGED CAPITALIST, lonesome, desires companionship of loving wife. Rich or poor makes no difference. Write Box 425, St. Joseph, Michigan.

$80 per month, expenses advanced. Men to travel, advertise, post signs and leave samples. Saunders Co., Dept. 5, Jackson blvd., Chicago.

KIDNEY DISEASES CURED BY MY NEW SYSTEM. Examination, Opinion and Book Free. DR. J. F. SHAFER, Kidney Specialist, 25 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WAS A RED LETTER DAY

Racing Inspires the Poet of Sierras.

Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 29.—"Sunshine in the blue sky, sunshine in everybody's face, and all sunshine, and the world on a happy holiday."

So Joaquin Miller, poet of nature, lover of birds and flowers and quiet woods, hater of hotels and crowds of people, summed up his first visit to an

JOAQUIN MILLER.

American race track Saturday afternoon. He added: "This has been the red letter outing of my life."

CANNON OPENS IN MAINE

Passes Up Gompers' Attacks on Congressman Littlefield.

Augusta, Me., Sept. 4.—Speaker Joseph G. Cannon opened his campaign tour in this section here when he delivered a speech in opera house square. Speaker Cannon was received with great enthusiasm by a large audience, and for an hour he discussed national issues. He did not take up state politics except to say that a legislature should be elected that would keep William H. Frye in the United States senate as long as he lived.

He spoke of the good work done by the Maine representation in congress, and paid a tribute to Charles E. Littlefield, the Republican candidate in the Second district whose return is being contested by President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Cannon made no reference to Gompers' attacks on Congressman Littlefield.

4,500,000 ACRES OF LAND TO BE SOLD.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 30.—More than 4,500,000 acres, forming part of the crown lands, which consist of 20,000,000 acres, including 12,500,000 acres of forest lands, are to be sold under the imperial ukase of August 25 to peasants through the medium of the Peasants' bank. The lands are mostly situated in the provinces of Samara, Saratov and Simbirsk.

RUSSIAN CONSUL DEAD

Was Shot by Contractor at Tien Tsin.

Tien Tsin, Aug. 30.—M. Laptew, the Russian consul here, who was shot yesterday by a Russian contractor named Levinsky, died at 2 o'clock this morning. The murderer is not a revolutionist.

REBS CLAIM THE CREDIT

For the Murder of General Min.

Moscow, Sept. 1.—The Social Revolutionists today issued a proclamation in which they claimed credit for the murder of General Min, but denied responsibility for the attempt on the life of Premier Stolypin.

The governor general of Moscow has refused the application of some of the local manufacturers to pay their employes for the time they were on strike, threatening with severe penalties those who yield to the men's demands.

FILLED WITH CARTRIDGES

Revolutionist Makes New Use of a Pumpkin.

Moscow, Sept. 1.—A huge pumpkin, carried by a man garbed as a countryman, today attracted the attention of the police in the market here by its excessive weight, and induced them to make a closer investigation, with the result that it was found to be filled with cartridges. The bearer of the pumpkin was subsequently identified as a revolutionist.

2,000 ARRESTS MADE IN ONE NIGHT.

Warsaw, Sept. 1.—Over 2,000 arrests were made during last night's police sweep of this city. Many complaints have been made by the prisoners of police brutality.

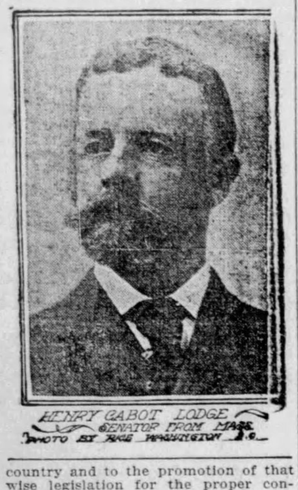
PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

CONTINUED PROSPERITY

Assured if Republicans Control House, Says Lodge.

Boston, Aug. 31.—In speaking to the members of the Essex club here Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, dealing with national politics, said:

"I consider the continued Republican control of the house as of enormous importance to the stability of our industries, to the welfare of the



HENRY CABOT LODGE
SENATOR FROM MASS.
PHOTO BY BAIN WASHINGTON D.C.

country and to the promotion of that wise legislation for the proper control of the great enterprises of the country with which the name of Theodore Roosevelt is inseparably connected. I want to elect this year in this state every possible Republican congressman."

Senator Lodge twitted the Democrats on their haste to elect a President.

BRYAN SHY OF POLITICS

Has Not Yet Decided to Be Candidate for President.

New York, Aug. 30.—William Jennings Bryan told his friends and neighbors from Nebraska yesterday afternoon that he had not decided whether he would be a candidate for the presidency again. The Nebraskans, rough, ready and picturesque, and headed by "Jim" Dahlman, the cowboy mayor of Omaha, chartered two tugs to steam down the bay to be the first to greet their distinguished fellow citizens upon his return from his trip around the world, and to assure him that his nomination and election to the presidency were already settled.

"But I haven't decided whether I shall be a candidate," was Mr. Bryan's response by way of modest protestation. This was not surprising, in view of his previous declaration that he did not purpose to sit on a stool and look pretty for two years. It was no more significant than it was surprising.

What He Is Up Against.

The significant development in connection with Mr. Bryan's homecoming is the fact, not that he said he is undecided whether to be a presidential candidate again, but that he has already been told and will be told again before tonight that it will do him no good to be a candidate unless he steers clear of government or state ownership of railroads and other socialistic propositions and makes no more breaks similar to the interference in the Roger C. Sullivan case in Illinois.

Bryan is not being told that he cannot be nominated unless he meets these conditions, but he is being warned that he cannot unite and harmonize the Democratic party, or hope of election to the presidency, unless he hearkens to this advice.

Advice from All Wings All Party.

The advice comes from the conservatives; from the Democrats of the south, as represented by Senator Bailey, of Texas, and Representative John S. Williams, of Mississippi; from the Democracy of the east, as represented by the men who made Judge Parker the nominee of the St. Louis convention, and from the Democrats of the west, as represented by Roger C. Sullivan, of Illinois and others of that type.

CUBA SENDS FOR ARMS

Transport After 6,000,000 Rounds of Ammunition.

New York, Sept. 3.—The Cuban government transport Maria Herrera arived yesterday from Havana in charge of Mario Carillo. The transport will load 6,000,000 rounds of ammunition, a battery of rapid-fire guns and other munitions of war to be employed in the suppression of the Cuban rebellion.

WRITES PUBLIC PRINTER

Roosevelt Answers Recent Attacks.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 3.—In a letter to Charles A. Stillings, public printer at Washington, made public, President Roosevelt wrote that if the changes in spelling advocated by the simplified spelling board and put into use in official documents meet popular approval they will be made permanent. If not, he wrote, they will be dropped. The President's letter follows:

"I enclose herewith copies of certain circulars of the simplified spelling board, which can be obtained free from the board at 1 Madison avenue, New York. Please hereafter direct that in all government publications of the executive departments the 300 words enumerated in circular 5 shall be spelled as therein set forth. If anyone asks the reason for the action refer him to circulars 3, 4 and 6 as issued by the simplified spelling board.

"Most of the criticism of the proposed step is evidently made in entire ignorance of what the step is, no less than in entire ignorance of the very moderate and common sense views as to the purposes to be achieved, which views are so excellently set forth in the circulars to which I have referred. There is not the slightest intention to do anything revolutionary or initiate any far reaching policy. The purpose simply is for the government, instead of lagging behind popular sentiment, to advance abreast of it and at the same time abreast of the views of the ablest and most practical educators of our time as well as the most profound scholars—men of the stamp of Prof. Lounsbury and Prof. Skeat.

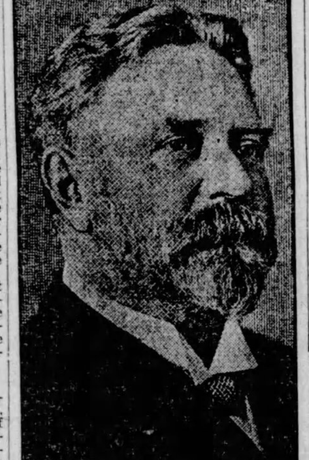
"If the slight changes in the spelling of the 300 words proposed wholly or partially meet popular approval, then the changes will become permanent without any reference to what public officials or individual private citizens may feel; if they do not ultimately meet with popular approval they will be dropped, and that is all there is about it.

"They represent nothing in the world but a very slight extension of the unconscious movement which has made agricultural implement makers and farmers write 'plow' instead of 'plough,' which has made most Americans write 'honor' without the somewhat absurd, superfluous 'u,' and which is even now making people write 'program' without the 'me,' just as all people who speak English now erly be cast on the side of the popular forces which are endeavoring to make our spellling a little less foolish and fantastic."

STENSLAND IS CAPTURED

Bank President Under Arrest in Tangier.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—A special telegram to the Tribune announces that Paul O. Stensland, president of the Milwaukee Avenue Savings bank, was captured today in Tangier.



PAUL O. STENSLAND.

Stensland was arrested at 8 o'clock this morning by the Tribune representative and Assistant States Attorney Harry Olsen, of Chicago, in the English postoffice. Stensland agreed to return peaceably.

Assistant States Attorney Barbour received a cablegram today from Assistant States Attorney Harry Olsen, stating that Paul O. Stensland had been arrested in Tangier, Morocco.

FOUR CITIZENS KILLED.

Warsaw, Sept. 4.—Soldiers last night killed four citizens and made wholesale arrests in different parts of the town. A boy, who was being pursued by soldiers, jumped into the Vistula and was killed while trying to escape by swimming.

DENOUNCES ALL SOCIETY

Father Vaughan Creates Stir in England.

London, Aug. 29.—The Rev. Father Vaughan, brother of the famous cardinal, and now dubbed "The Penny Novelette Preacher," is causing a great stir in England by his bitter attacks on society.

Father Vaughan's pulpit methods are decidedly sensational, not to say penny novelettish, when he is dealing with society. In a recent address, for instance, he said: "Of one thing any man who ventures into society of the fast, smart

Father Bernard Vaughan
From the Sketch

set may be sure, and that is, if he goes into it with any money he will come out of it without any.

"I know men who have been kept at bridge, being forced, in spite of themselves, to play, and to play high, and play long, and to play on till they had nothing more to play for. . . What a piteous series of pictures I might put up for your gaze depicting the fall and ruin of innocent and beautiful English girls over the card table. Many a debutante has been drawn into this vortex, in some instances by the hostess herself, and has been sucked down before the end of play, not so far from the lowest degradation to which a woman can come."

HETTY GREEN'S SON LOSES OUT.

Austin, Tex., Aug. 30.—The attorney general of the state of Texas has rendered an opinion nullifying the nomination of E. H. R. Green, son of Mrs. Hetty Green, of New York, as gubernatorial nominee of the Republican party. Because of a split in the party separate conventions were held, one faction being known as the reorganized Republican party, and the other as the regulars. Green was nominated by the reorganized faction.

DROWNED IN THE FLOOD

Persons Forced to Leave Their Homes in Mexico.

El Paso, Texas, Aug. 30.—The reports from Mexican towns on the Santiago river say that the Santiago river is overflowing its banks at Topic and a number of towns, including Tuxpen, Mexicoala and Santiago, have been partly inundated. Many residents have been forced to leave their homes. The floods have ruined large areas of cultivated land and the loss to crops will be heavy.

A report from Jalisco says that several serious washouts have occurred on the Guadalajara division of the Mexican Central railroad. Great damage has resulted to the roadbed, traffic being suspended for a time. Two persons were drowned in the flood.

COLLEGE ADOPTS PHONETIC SPELLING.

Bethlehem, Pa., Aug. 30.—Professor Mansfield Merriman, of the department of civil engineering of Lehigh university, has posted notices to the students of the institution in his department that hereafter the Carnegie system of reform spelling would be used in all quizzes, lectures, bridge reports, etc. The notice affects nearly 400 students.

CONFIRMED BY CORONER

President of Defunct Quaker City Bank Killed Himself.

Philadelphia, Aug. 30.—The suspicion entertained that Frank K. Hipple, president of the embarrassed Real Estate Trust company, who was found dead at his home in Bryn Mawr last Friday, committed suicide was confirmed today by Joseph N. King, coroner Montgomery county. When he made the announcement Dr. Albert H. Read, the coroner's physician, was standing near and he added: "You can say that Mr. Hipple blew out his brains."

Since the death of Mr. Hipple the family physician and the coroner maintained that he died of cerebral hemorrhage while taking a bath. The coroner today said: "When I went to Bryn Mawr Friday morning to investigate the sudden death of Mr. Hipple I found that he was the president of a trust company, and when I discovered he had committed suicide, I decided to suppress the fact for a few days in order to prevent a run on the trust company. I thought that if there was anything wrong in Mr. Hipple's transactions, the directors would have a chance to make up whatever defects there were."

Coroner Not Influenced.

"Did any of the directors of the bank or members of the family request that the facts of the suicide be suppressed?"

"No, sir, they did not. Any action taken by me was voluntary. Several men prominent in legal affairs told me today that I did right in suppressing the facts until the directors of the bank had a chance to make an investigation."

The coroner also stated that when he arrived at the Hipple residence last Friday he was met by the son of the deceased. The young man did not at first say that his father had committed suicide. It did not take the coroner long to discover the cause of death.

Hipple had placed the muzzle of a 38-calibre revolver in his mouth and shot himself. The ball passed upward and lodged in the brain. The shooting took place in the bath room.

The suicide rose shortly before 6 o'clock, and Mrs. Hipple was of the opinion that her husband was taking a bath. When he did not return to his room inside of half an hour Mrs. Hipple became alarmed and made an investigation. She found her husband lying on the floor in the bath room. Mrs. Hipple was not aware that her husband had killed himself until the arrival of the family physician.

RECEIVER IS IN CHARGE

Colorado Mining Company Is Said to Be Insolvent.

Boston, Sept. 1.—The Taylor Park Mining Company, a Colorado corporation, capitalized for $5,000,000, was placed in the hands of a receiver.

The receivership is the result of charges made by Clarence H. Knight, of this city, a creditor for $5,000, who alleges that the company is hopelessly insolvent and owes $213,000.

The company is engaged in mining gold at Dorchester, Colo. It has offices at Colorado Springs and Boston. Thomas F. Goodale of this city was named receiver.

BRYAN TO STAY AT HOME

Will Not Make Proposed Trip to New Zealand.

New York, Seept. 1.—W. J. Bryan has announceed a change of plan regarding his proposed trip to New Zealand.

"I think I shall not go," he said, "for I've been away from home a long time and it feels good to get back. I had intended to go there after the election, but have decided not to."

BERRIES GOING TO WASTE

Crop in Connecticut Is Heaviest in Years.

Winsted, Conn., Sept. 1.—The berry crop is the heaviest ever known, and thousands of quarts will go to waste because nobody wants them for the picking. Every housewife who cans bilberries, blue or blackberries already has a supply for the winter larger than usual.

One Nepaug farmer who brought ten full crates to Winsted could not find a market for them at any price, and rather than give the berries away fed them to his pigs.

WINGS UPSIDE DOWN.

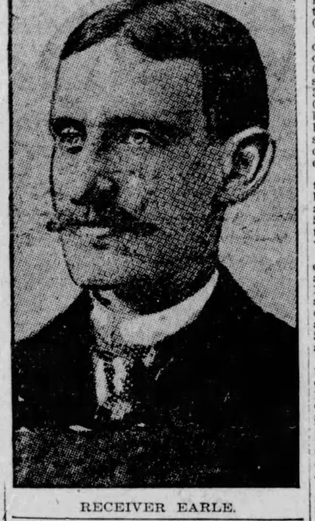
Chicago, Sept. 3.—Nature solved for William M. St. Clair the problem of keeping chickens from flying over fences to make havoc in the gardens of his neighbors. Topsy Turvy is the name of a barred Plymouth Rock pullet in Mr. St. Clair's flock. She will never fly. The reason is that Topsy's wings were put on her upside down. Instead of resting by her side they stick awkwardly up into the air and the harder she tries to fly the closer she sticks to the ground.

CRUEL BLOW TO FRIENDS

Hipple Was Active in Reform Politics.

Philadelphia, Aug. 31.—The statement of Receiver Earle, of the broken Real Estate Trust company, of this city, that Frank K. Hipple, the late president of the concern, had stolen securities valued at $65,000 and that the lending of $5,000,000 to Adolph Segal on insufficient security amounted to as much as the failure, created a profound sensation throughout the city today.

The revelation was an especially cruel blow to Hipple's intimate friends, most of whom are prominent in the Presbyterian church, either as clergymen or laymen. So high was their estimation of the man who abhorred tobacco and liquor and refrained from reading Sunday newspapers, that not only the various organizations in the Presbyterian church made the trust



RECEIVER EARLE.

company their depository, but hundreds of members of that denomination placed their money in his company. The number of pastors who used the bank to care for their savings, was exceptionally large. Most of them refused to entertain the theory that Hipple ended his own life and it was difficult to make them believe that his secret operations were as irregular as they are alleged to be.

In addition to his church work, Mr. Hipple took an active interest in reform politics, and is said to have been a heavy contributor to the reformers' campaign fund in last year's notable contest in this city.

Directors Are Criticized.

The criticism heretofore expressed by depositors of the failure of the directors of the company to discover Hipple's transactions has increased and many of the larger creditors are angry at what they term the negligence of these men. There is now pending before the local courts an application for the appointment of a co-receiver, who shall directly represent the depositors and inform them of the true condition of the company. A decision is expected today. It is alleged that several of the directors had knowledge that some of Hipple's transactions were unsafe, but they had such confidence in his integrity that they did not suspect the true state of affairs or entertain the belief that his operations were irregular. It became known today that the employes of the company were aware there was something wrong with the accounts. Several of them went so far as to leave checks with their fellow employes when they went on vacation for an immediate withdrawal of their deposits if their suspicions were confirmed.

The receiver has become so alarmed at the criticism expressed by creditors that he has issued a statement to depositors asking them not to take part in litigation at the expense of their funds before they have talked with him. He says it has been his experience that most of such litigation has failed, and that by refraining from taking legal action the creditors will be aiding him in obtaining the results asked for.

Segal Becomes Silent.

Adolp Segal, whose borrowings from the trust company was the principal cause of the failure, and who has talked freely on his transactions with Hipple, has adopted a policy of silence. He now refuses to discuss any phase or development in the affair, and directs all inquirers to his attorneys.

The failure of the Real Estate Trust company is likely to lead to a revision of the state laws governing trust companies. Under the present laws trust companies in this state are permitted to do a surety business and a movement is now on foot to separate the two.

State Treasurer Berry today issued a draft on a Baltimore Indemnity company which was surety for the $175,000 state deposit in the Real Estate company at the time of its failure for payment of the full amount of the deposit. The Baltimore company has notified Treasurer Berry that the money will be paid at once.

MEN AND MULES DEAD

Covered Wagon Found on the Desert.

Roswell, N. M., Sept. 3.—J. S. Mercham, of Partales, while driving across the desert, near Kenna, found a covered wagon with two dead men on the seat and four mules in front of it, dead in their harness. Mercham was so shocked by the sight that he made no investigation, but hurried to the nearest telegraph office and wired the sheriff here the facts of his discovery.

Officers immediately started for the scene.

DEATH LIST OF QUAKE

452 Persons Lost Their Lives as Result of Disaster.

San Francisco, Sept. 1.—In all, 452 persons lost their lives as the result of the disaster of April 18, the local health department so stated in a formal report sent yesterday to the state board of health.

Of the victims 266 were killed by falling walls, 177 perished by fire, seven were shot and two died as the result of ptomaine poisoning, due to eating "emergency" canned goods of poor quality; 420 are believed to have been white, 18 Chinese and 4 Japanese.

Eleven were less than a year old.

The figures given relate to the deaths proved to have occurred.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Sept. 4.—Unusually high cables caused a strong opening in wheat this morning, but heavy selling by the northwest soon offset this bull feature and the market declined. There was little demand for September and the market was featureless. The early deliveries were well taken care of, and the over-Sunday bear news was discounted by the Minneapolis, curb which ⅝c up. The report that the primary movement was but half that of last year was responsible in part for the high opening and shorts covered on the strength displayed in wheat. After they were through the market sold off. The decrease of wheat on passage is 160,000 bushels. Russian and Danubian shipments were reported light.

The world's shipments of wheat were reported as 9,024,000 bushels as against 9,394,000 a week ago and 9,664,000 a year ago. The visible supply of wheat has decreased 1,175,000 bushels compared with a decrease of $62,000 bushels a week ago and 772,000 bushels a year ago. Minneapolis wired that No. 1 northern was 3½c over September, No. 2 northern 2c over September, and wheat to arrive about 2c over September. Duluth was paying about a cent over this market. Threshing is general over the entire northwest and Canada. Country receipts were reported increasing. The reaction in wheat after the high opening today was in part due to hedging sales. The decline was helped along by the weakness in Minneapolis, and when the close came this afternoon, cash and September wheat was ⅝c down, December ⅝c down and May ½c below last weeke's close.

Corn opened steady at a shade higher, but the market acted tired. There was free selling by elevators, which caused a decline shortly after the call. Cables ½c to ⅝c up were responsible for the high opening, while heavy receipts and fine weather made it sell off in a short time. Corn on passage decreased 691,000 bushels.

The visible supply of corn has decreased 249,000 bushels against a decrease of 203,000 a week ago and 480,000 bushels a year ago. The world's shipments of corn were reported to be 3,490,000 bushels compared with 3,672,000 bushels a week ago and 4,256,000 bushels a year ago. Traders were bearish on corn although the close showed cash and September ¼c up, the other months closed ⅜c below Saturday.

Oats opened steady with a moderate trade. Commission houses were good buyers and a rise of ¼c in September and ⅜c in December was shortly noted. Some selling of May caused this month to decline ½c from the opening, which was ⅝c up.

The visible supply of oats has increased 1,172,000 bushels compared with an increase of 907,000 a week ago and 1,575,000 bushels a year ago. The locals sold oats on the weakness in wheat, causing the market to close with but a slight gain over Saturday, cash and September being ¼c up, December firm and May ½c up.

The clover seed market showed a fairly strong tone this morning. Old cash seed was firm and dull and new prime was quoted at $7.40. October opened on a scale of $7.40 to $7.45, soon settling to Saturday's price of $7.42½. December opened at $7.45 and shortly went off 2½c to last week's close. The opening bid on January was a point up and an advance of another 2½c soon showed itself. March was firm at $7.60.

The close saw seed up two points all along the line, except March, which was but 2½c up.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Sep.4.	Sep.1
Wheat—					
Cash	73⅝	73⅞	72⅜	73⅜	73½
Sept	73⅝	73⅞	72⅜	72⅜	73½
Dec	76½	76½	75½	75½	76⅛
May	80½	80½	79⅝	79⅝	80⅝
Corn—					
Cash	51¼			51¼	51
Sept	51¾	51¾	51¼	51¼	51
Dec	44	44	43½	43½	43⅞
May	44⅝	44⅝	44¼	44¼	44⅝
Oats—					
Cash	33	33	32¾	32¾	32½
Sept	32½	32⅝	32¼	32¼	32½
Dec	33½	33⅞	33¼	33¼	33½
May	36¼	36¼	35⅝	35⅝	35⅝
Clover Seed—					
Old cash	7.35	7.30	7.25	7.30	7.25
New cash	7.40	7.45	7.40	7.45	
Oct	7.40	7.47½	7.40	7.47½	7.42½
Dec	7.45	7.47½	7.42½	7.47½	7.42½
Jan	7.50	7.57½	7.50	7.52½	7.47½
March	7.60	7.62½	7.60	7.62½	7.60
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	56	56
No. 3	....	....	....	53	53
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.85	1.85
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.10	7.10
No. 2	....	....	....	6.92½	6.90
Red	....	....	6.45	6.40@6.50	
N. E. G.	....	3.75@6.20		5.60@6.15	

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept	71⅛	71⅜	70⅜	70⅝	71¼
Dec	74½	74½	73⅛	73¼	73⅞
May	78⅝	78⅝	77½	77½	78¼
Corn—					
Sept	47⅝	47⅝	47⅜	47⅜	47⅜
Oct	47	47	46⅞	47	47
Dec	43⅜	43⅜	43⅛	43⅛	43⅜
May	44⅜	44½	44	44	44⅜
July	....	....	....	....	43⅞
Oats—					
Sept	30⅝	30⅝	30¼	30¼	30½
Dec	31¾	31¾	31¼	31¼	31½
May	34	34	33⅝	33⅝	33¾

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	78⅞	78⅞	78¼	78¼	78⅝
Dec	81⅞	81⅞	81⅛	81⅛	81⅝
Corn—					
Sept	55¼	56	55½	55¾	55⅝
Dec	52⅝	52⅝	52	52	52½

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	69¼	69¼	68¾	68⅝	69¼
Dec	72⅜	72⅜	71½	71½	72

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	70½	71⅝
Dec	....	....	....	71⅝	72¾

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	72¼	73½
Dec	....	....	....	72⅛	73

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept	16.75	16.95	16.75	16.75	16.92
Jan	13.45	13.45	13.40	13.42	13.50
Lard—					
Sept	8.77	8.77	8.50	8.55	8.80
Oct	8.82	8.82	8.60	8.67	8.90
Nov	8.60	8.60	8.40	8.45	8.70
Dec	....	....	....	....	8.10
Jan	7.97	7.97	7.87	7.87	7.97
Ribs—					
Sept	8.80	8.80	8.60	8.65	8.80
Oct	8.67	8.67	8.52	8.57	8.72
Jan	7.27	7.30	7.20	7.25	7.25

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Steady. Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints, 25½c; solid packed, 24½c; dairy, 16@17c; packing stocks, 14c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 18c.

Cheese—Michigan full cream, 11c

Cabbage—Home grown, bbl., 85c.

Green Corn—Doz., 7c.

Beets—New, 20c per dozen.

New String Beans—Home, 75c bushel.

Cauliflower—75c to $1.00.

Lima Beans—Quart, 12½@15c.

Cucumbers—Home grown, bu., 35c; pickels, bu., 20@25c.

Lettuce—Per lb., 3c.

Tomatoes—Home grown, bu., 25@35c.

Spanish Onions—Per crate, $1.30.

Green Onions—Per bunch, 3c; pickling, bu., $2.25@3.00.

Potatoes—New, bu., 60@65c; barrels, $2.25@3.00.

Sweet Potatoes—Bu., $1.00; bbl., $2.75.

Long Radishes—Per dozen, 10c.

Celery—Michigan, 10c., 25c.

Hubbard Squash—Doz., $1.50.

Red Peppers—String, 5c.

Pumpkins—Doz., 50c.

Dewberries—Bu., $3.75.

Huckleberries—Bu., $4.00.

Apples—New, homegrown, 50@75c.

Crabapples—Bu., 75c.

Watermelons—Indiana, 20@25c each. Muskmelons—Genuine Rockyford, $4.50 crate; Osage melons, home grown, bbl., $1.25.

Peaches—California, box, $1.35; home grown, 50@75c peck.

Apricots—$2.75@3.00.

Limes—Per hundred, $1.00.

Oranges—California, per box, $5.00.

Plums—Tragedy, box, $3.00@3.50; Clymen, box, $1.00@1.25; home grown, bu., $3.50.

Pears—California Bartletts, box, $1.00@1.25.

Bananas—Per bunch, $1.50@2.00.

Lemons—Italian, 300 size, fancy, $9.00; 360 size, $8.00.

Dates—Fard, per lb., 8¼c; Hallowee, 6c; 1-lb. pkgs., 7c, new stock.

Elderberries—Bu., 50c.

Grapes—Home grown, doz., $1.80.

Poultry—Alive—Chickens, 11@11½c; geese, 12c; broilers, per pound, 14c.

Poultry—Dressed — Chickens, 12@13c; turkeys, 16@18c; ducks, 13@16c; geese, 12½c.

Dressed Hogs — 8¼@9c; cows, 4@5¼c; lambs, 8@9c; spring lambs, 12@13c; calves, 9@10c.

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 4.—The packers having had a holiday, they were ready well supplied with hogs this morning. Shippers' orders came slowly and trade was only fairly active. The market was slow to five cents lower at the opening. Receipts were ten cars. Prices ruled steady to 5c lower and closed dull.

Cattle receipts were two cars. The market was steady.

Western hog receipts: Chicago, 20,000, estimated, 30,000; Omaha, 7,000; Kansas City, 11,000; left over in Chicago, 4,499. The Chicago hog market was slow and unchanged.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 250 to 300 lbs., $6.35@6.40; mediums, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.40@6.45; Yorkers, $6.40@6.45; the bulk of sales at $6.40@6.45; pigs, $6.30@6.40; stags and roughs, $3.00@5.00.

Cattle—Good to prime steers, 1,500 lbs. and up, $5.00@5.35; fair to choice steers, $4.65@4.90; good to choice feeders, $3.50@4.25; fair to best cows, $3.00@3.50; heifers, $2.75@4.00; bulls, $3.00@4.50; good to choice veals, $7.00@7.50; fair to common, $4.00@4.50.

Sheep—Common to good yearlings, $4.50@6.00; lambs, good to choice, $6.25@6.75; good mixed, $4.00; culls and common, $2.00@2.50; springs lambs, $6.50@7.25.

East Buffalo, N. ... Sept. 4.—(Swope's special report to The Blade.)—Cattle—Receipts, 5 cars; market steady.

Hogs—Receipts, 25 cars; market strong; heavy, $6.50@6.60; mixed medium, $6.60@6.65; Yorkers and pigs, $6.60@6.70.

Sheep—Receipts, 5 cars; market steady; best spring lambs, $8.00@8.50; best wether sheep, $5.75; mixed sheep, $5.25@5.50; prime heavy ewes, $5.00@6.25; culls, $2.50@3.50.

Calves, $3.00@8.50.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Cattle—Receipts 10,000; best grades steady; others weak. Beeves, $3.90@6.75; cows and heifers, $1.40@5.20; stockers and feeders, $2.40@4.30; Texans, $3.65@4.50; western, $3.50@5.25; calves, $5.25@7.50.

Hogs—Receipts 20,000; market steady for light hogs, others weak to 5c lower. Mixed and butchers, $5.80@6.50; good heavy, $5.95@6.35; rough heavy, $5.50@5.75; light, $6.00@6.50; pigs, $5.30@6.25; bulk of sales, $5.90@6.25.

Sheep—Receipts 20,000; market steady. Sheep, $3.50@5.65; lambs, $4.75@5.90.

Union Stock Yards, Cleveland, Ohio, Sep.t 4.—Special report to The Blade from Bower & Bower.)—Hogs receipts, 20 cars; market shade lower. Heavies, $6.40; mediums and lights, $6.50; closing steady. Sheep, lambs, calves, cattle, steady.

N. Y. Stock Market.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Am. Loco. com	72¼	72½	71½	71½
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	137¼	137¼	136	136
Atchison	107½	108	106⅝	107¼
Am. Car & F. Co	40⅞	40⅞	39⅞	39⅞
Anaconda	281	281	276	277
Amal. Copper	111¼	111¾	109½	109⅞
Am. Smelters	157½	158¼	153	152¼
Am. Woolen Co.	37	37	36¼	36¼
Am. Ry. pfd.	43¼	43⅞	43¼	43⅞
Balt. & Ohio	119¾	124⅛	119¾	123
B'lyn R. Trans	77⅞	79	77¾	77¾
Chicago & G. W.	17¾	17⅞	17¾	17¾
Canadian Pacific	176¼	176⅝	176	176½
Clover Leaf	33¼	33¼	33¼	33¼
Clover Leaf pfd.	52¼	53	52¼	53
Colorado Fuel	56½	56½	54½	55¼
Ches. & Ohio	65	65	64¼	64⅝
Cast Iron Pipe	47¼	47¼	47⅛	47¼
Del. & Hudson	218¼	218¼	216	216
Distillers Sec.	61⅝	61⅝	61½	61½
Erie com.	46⅜	47½	46½	46⅜
Illinois Central	173¼	173¼	173¼	174¼
K. C. S. com	28¾	28¾	28¼	28¼
Louis. & Nash.	149½	149½	149	149
Mexican Central	20¾	20⅞	20¼	20¼
Missouri Pacific	98	98¼	97	97
M., K. & T. com	36¼	36½	25⅞	35⅞
North Am. Co.	93	93	93	93
N. Y. Central	146½	146½	144	144⅜
Nickel Plate com	63¼	63¾	63½	63¾
N. & W. com	94¼	94¼	93⅝	94
Ont. & Western	51½	51½	51	51
Penn. Ry	143⅜	144	141½	142¼
People's Gas Co	90⅜	91	90½	90½
Reading com	138¼	141¼	138	139¼
Rock Island	28	28¼	27⅝	27⅞
Rock Island pfd	66⅜	66⅝	65½	65½
Rep. I. & S. Co	30½	30½	30½	30½
Rep. pfd	100½	100½	99½	99½
So. Ry	35⅞	35⅞	35	35
St. Paul	182	182¾	179¾	180
Southern Pacific	92¾	92¾	90⅞	91
Texas Pacific	34½	35⅛	34¾	35
Union Pacific	194½	194¾	190⅞	191½
U. S. Rubber	46	46	46	46
U. S. Steel	47⅜	47⅝	46¾	46¾
U. S. Steel pfd	108	108	107	107
Virginia Chem.	39¾	39¾	39¾	39¾
Western Union	91⅝	91⅝	91¼	91¼
W. & L. E. 1st pfd.	41	41	41	41
Wis. Cent'l pfd	51¾	51¾	51½	51½

Cotton.

New York, Sept. 4.—The cotton market opened steady at a decline of 2 points on an advance of 2 points, and sold up to a net gain of 6@9 points on the active months shortly afterward in response to rather better cables than expected and less favorable crop reports from Texas, where considerable rain fell over the holidays. Trading was fairly active and there seemed to be buying of a pretty good character but offerings increased on the bulge and prices reacted 5 or 6 points during the middle of the morning.

Wool

Boston, Sept. 4.—There is no particular change in the wool market which remains firm and fairly active. An early increase in buying is looked for, many traders finding it difficult to account or the slowness in the general demand for wool. Fleeces are firm. Ohio and Pennsylvania are especially strong for medium unwashed delaine, three-eighths and half blood grade and washed delaine. Fine unwashed is selling at 26c. Michigan fleece are transferred at prices ranging from 31 to 32c. Fine unwashed is selling quietly at 24c.

N. Y. Produce.

New York, Sept. 4.—Butter firm; receipts (two days), 9,822; street prices, extra creamery, 24@24½; official price, creamery common to extra, 18@24c; state dairy common to fancy, 17@23c; renovated common to extra, 15@21c; western factory common to firsts, 15@18c; western imitation creamery extras, 20½@21c; firsts, 18½@19c. Cheese steady; receipts (two days), 1,315; state full cream large fancy, 12¾c; do, fair to good, 11¾@12¼c; inferior, 10¾@11¼c; skims, full best, 2@10c. Eggs strong; receipts (two days), 16,763; state, Penna. and nearby fancy selected white, 28c; do, choice, 26@27c; mixed extra, 26@27c; western first, 21@21¾c; official price, 21@21½c.

Poultry, alive, irregular; western spring chickens, 13c; fowls, 14c; turkeys, 14c; dressed irregular; western spring chickens, 13@15c; turkeys, 11@14c; fowls, 10@14c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Butter steady; creamery, 19@23½c; dairy, 17@20½c.

Eggs strong; at mark, cases included, 13@16½c.

Cheese steady; Daisies, 12¼@12½c; Twins, 11½c; Young Americas, 12¼c.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 4.—(Wall Street.)—London carried prices of Americans to a higher level during the holiday intervals here and this influence, together with accumulated buying orders from domestic sources, swept opening prices upward throughout the list. St. Paul, the Harriman Pacifics, the Hill stocks and the Pennsylvania groups were most affected. St. Paul opened at an advance of 4½ over Saturday's closing price, Great Northern pfd. 3½, Northern Pacific 2, Canadian Pacific 1¾, Baltimore & Ohio 1⅝, Pennsylvania, Norfolk & Western, National Railroad of Mexico pfd., Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Brooklyn Transit and Amalgamated Copper 1 to 1¼, and a number of other stocks large fractions. The high opening prices invited heavy realizing sales and the lever dropped back. A few stocks which did not share in the speculative furore sold below Saturday's level. The Harriman Pacifics, the U. S. Steel stocks and Pennsylvania were notably affected by the realizing. Later St. Paul shot up to a new record price, 5½ over Saturday. Baltimore & Ohio rose 2⅝, Reading 2, Northwestern 2½, Atchison 1¼ and Erie and others a point. These renewed advances had some sustaining effect on other stocks, but the activity of the trading diminished.

The opening rates for call money at 9 per cent had some restraining effect upon speculation and trading was quieter. The movement of prices also was irregular, profit taking proceeding in some stocks, under cover of strength in others. Smelting fell 2½ and Union Pacific a fraction below Saturday, and Amalgamated Copper and U. S. Steel lost their rise. Baltimore & Ohio and Reading rose a fraction higher than before and Brooklyn Transit gained 2¼. Bonds were irregular at noon.

Cotton Is King in Export Record.

Washington, Sept. 3.—Cotton is king in the export record of the United States for the fiscal year just ended. The total value of raw cotton exported for the first time crossed the 400 million dollar line and exceeded by far the value of any other article of merchandise sent out of the country. The exports of breadstuffs of all kinds aggregated but 186 million dollars, those of provisions but 211 millions, and those of iron and steel manufactures but 161 million dollars.

Exports of cotton have increased very rapidly in value during the last five years. It was not until 1901 that the value of raw cotton exported reached 300 million dollars. The value of the cotton exports had ranged between 200 and 300 millions in most years since 1866, in which year it first crossed the 200 million dollar line; but it was not until 1901 that it crossed the 300 million dollar line, and in a short five years' period it has grown to more than 400 millions or an increase of about 33 per cent in five years. This growth is due in part to an increase in the quantity exported, but in part also to the advance in price, since the quantity exported in 1906 was about 700 million pounds less than in 1905, but the value 21 million dollars more than in 1905.

The exportation of manufactured cotton was also larger in 1906 than in any earlier year, aggregating practically 53 million dollars, against 50 millions in 1905 and 22½ millions in 1904. The growth in ex